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FROM AFAR.

BY S. U. W.

Go thou thy way. I do not seek to share
The path which God hath girt with flowers for thee,
It lies before thee wrapped in sunshine fair,
To know thee happy is enough for me.

If thou art safe, and sheltered in the ark
Of blessed home from earthly stress and strife,
It is enough for me, far off, to mark
God's smile, and love's, complete thy noble life.

It is enough for me to see thee share
Life's banquet with thy dearest, crowned with flowers;
No sigh of mine shall vex the scented air,
No tear of mine shall mar thy happy hours.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

He thought of her beauty; he recalled her noble generosity to him. Why, she had only come to his aid when he was in mortal straits, but she had done so at the risk of her social reputation! Surely, if he must marry someone, it must be Lady Grace.

He might also have reminded himself that by so doing he would win his uncle's—the marquis's—favor; but, to do Lord Cecil credit, he did not think of that, he only remembered Lady Grace's goodness to him.

He reached London at noon, had a bath, and allowed his valet to clothe him in the regulation morning attire, and went straight to the Peyton's house.

The footman told him that Lady Grace was out, riding in the Park.

"I'll wait," said Lord Cecil, and he went into the drawing room.

He paced up and down the Turkey carpet, looking out of the window, and staring at the ornaments on the mantel-shelf. Among them was one of the fashionable cabinet photograph frames, with the portrait covered by a curtain. In absence of mind he drew the curtain aside, and saw a portrait of himself.

With a sudden flush he left it fall, as the door opened, and Lady Grace entered.

She was in her riding-habit,—in the garb which set off her perfectly-graceful figure to its very best advantage.

As she entered, her mature and majestic loveliness struck him fully for the first time, and he remembered with a sudden vividness the words of one of the young fellows at the Norwegian inn. Yes, she was one of the loveliest of society women!

She started perceptibly at sight of him, so much so that she dropped her whip. He sprang forward and picked it up for her, and by the time he had given it her—few moments though the action required—she had recovered herself.

"Back so soon!" she said, giving him her hand, small, and white, and warm. "This is a surprise! Don't the salmon bite, or rise, or whatever you call it? Or has it rained all the time, and have you been bored to death? I'm afraid you'll be bored just as much in London, for everyone is leaving."

"The salmon were all right," he said, still holding her hand. "I came back because I wanted to see you!"

"To see me?" she said, her eyes flashing into his for a moment, and then drooping. "Well, you were just in time, for papa and I were off to the Continent."

"Then I have just come in time," he said.

"Let me give you some tea; sit down," she said, and gently tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it firmly.

"Never mind the tea, Lady Grace," he said, with something of his old light-heartedness. "You shall give me—or refuse me—a cup after you have heard what I have to say."

"And what have you to say that is more important than tea?" she retorted, in a light tone, which was belied by the quiver on her lips.

"I have come to ask you to be my wife," he said quietly.

She put her left hand to her bosom, and her beautiful eyes dilated. If joy always killed, then Lady Grace would have fallen dead at Cecil Neville's feet that moment! but it is sorrow, not joy, that kills, and instead of falling she leant towards him with a tremulous sigh. It was almost too good to be believed! Spencer Churchill had told her that it would come, but she had always doubted it; and now—it had come! He was hers. Hers!—he, whom she had grown to love—the man for whom she had plotted and risked so much, even her social good name—was hers!

It was a proud, an ecstatic moment; no wonder she prolonged it.

"What do you say?" he asked, still holding her hand, his grave voice as much unlike an ardent lover's as it is possible to imagine: and yet it was like music to her! "I know I am not worthy to win so great a prize, but I will do my best to make you happy."

"And—and you love me?" she asked.

It was a dangerous question, but she was a woman and longed to hear the magic words which every woman loves to hear from the lips of the man she loves.

He paused imperceptibly.

"Who could do anything but love you, dear Grace!" he replied. "Will you be my wife? I will try and make you happy, indeed I will! What do you say?"

Her soft, warm fingers closed on his, and she leant towards him involuntarily.

"If you are sure—" she murmured—"if you are sure you want me to say 'yes——'"

"Indeed I do!" he responded. "I have come all the way from Norway in the hope that you would."

"Then I will say—'yes!'" she breathed, and her head sank upon his breast. "You will be good to me—Cecil?"

"I will be good to you," he responded, and he put his arm round her and kissed her in lover-wise, but not—ah, not!—with the passionate kisses which he had rained upon the lips, and eyes, and hair of Doris Marlowe!

The news spread, as such news will, and in a day or two all London knew, through the gossip-mongers and the society papers, that Lord Cecil Neville, the heir to the marquisate of Stoyle, had proposed to Lady Grace.

"So that there was something in that story of her going to his rooms, you see!" envious mothers whispered behind their fans.

And the following morning Cecil Neville received a short message from the marquis, who was staying at the house in Grosvenor Square, requesting that Cecil would come and see him.

Cecil went, and found his lordship seated by the window of his own room, looking at the passers-by as if he were a judge just donning the black cap. His thin lips drew together with a smile that was more like a sneer as he gave Cecil a couple of cold fingers.

"So you've come to your senses at last?" was his amiable greeting.

Lord Cecil smiled rather grimly.

"I suppose you allude to my engagement to Lady Grace, sir?" he said. "I was coming to call on you when your message reached me."

"Ah! Well, I congratulate you, and I wish her every happiness," remarked the marquis by way of a blessing, and his tone said quite plainly, "But I don't think she'll get it."

"Thank you, sir," said Lord Cecil.

"Yes, I think you are a confoundedly lucky fellow," continued the marquis, "especially as you nearly got into the worst mess a man can get into. I suppose that affair turned out as I expected? The wench jilted you—oh, I don't want to know any particulars, they wouldn't interest me; but I may be permitted to express a hope that you have completely washed your hands of the whole affair, and that if the girl turns up again, there will be no nonsense. Grace is far too good for you, and very much too good for any trick of that kind."

Lord Cecil bit his lip and frowned.

"If I understand you, my lord——" Then he stopped. "No, sir, we won't quarrel to-day. As you say, that—that affair is over and done with, and if Miss Marlowe were to come back, I promise that I will not, as you delicately suggest, desert Lady Grace for her."

"Yes, that's what I hinted," said the marquis coolly. "I'm glad to hear there's no danger of it. Men are such fools—young ones especially—that one never knows."

"I may be a fool, but I'm not a blackguard!" said Cecil, almost beside himself.

"I hope not," assented the marquis deliberately, "and now I suppose you mean to have the marriage quickly?"

"That rests entirely with Lady Grace," said Lord Cecil.

"Of course, I hate long engagements; besides I've an absurd fancy for seeing her married before I die. Not that I think of dying just yet, you'll be sorry to hear. Better get the affair settled speedily. You can live in one of the places in the country: I didn't care where it is so long as you don't expect me to come and live with you," and he smiled sardonically.

Lord Cecil remained silent.

"You'd better take the Barton place. I hate it; but I hate all of them, so that is not much of a reason."

"Barton is too large, is it not, sir?" said Lord Cecil.

"That's my business," retorted his lordship, with something like a snarl. "I don't mean you to be a pauper; or to live with a couple of servants and on bread and cheese. You have done as I wished you to do, though not until you were compelled," and he smiled significantly; "and I will do what is requisite in the way of money—for her sake."

"Thank you, my lord—for her sake," said Lord Cecil grimly.

"Yes. Why doesn't she come and see me? Tell her to do so, if you please." He was silent a moment as Lord Cecil bowed, then he added, "The affair is making some stir, I suppose. I'm thinking whether I can summon up courage to give a party—in honor of the event."

"Pray don't take so much trouble, sir," said Cecil.

"Yes, I suppose I must," continued the marquis, as if Cecil had not spoken. "It is the usual thing, and she will look for it."

"I don't think Lady Grace expects——"

"You know very little of what Lady Grace expects," he interrupted, with cold contempt. "Tell her to come to me. Wait a moment, please," he added, as Lord Cecil was making his escape. "I am going to send her a present; that also is due to her. I suppose you have been able to afford her a thirty shilling ring?"

"I gave rather more than that, sir," replied Lord Cecil with a smile.

"Ah; go to that safe, if you please, and bring me one or two of the jewel-cases. I will send her something now. Here are the keys,—no they are in that drawer," and he pointed to the small writing cabinet which always accompanied him, and handed Lord Cecil a small key.

Lord Cecil unlocked the cabinet, got the keys, and was crossing the room to the safe, when the door opened.

"What the deuce do you mean by coming in without knocking, sir?" exclaimed the marquis; then, as he saw who it was, he said in a softer voice. "Oh, it's you, Spencer, is it? You've come in time to hear the news and congratulate the bridegroom."

"Which I do, with all my heart, my dear Cecil," murmured Spencer Churchill, taking Lord Cecil's hand in both of his and pressing it affectionately, while he beamed a benedictory smile all over him. "With all my heart! I can't tell you, my dear marquis, how rejoiced I was to hear the news. Dear Lady Grace! So beautiful and so good! You are indeed a happy man, Cecil! May every good gift which Heaven has to bestow——"

"That will do," broke in the marquis with a sneer; "we'll take the rest as read, if you don't mind. I've told Cecil that I will give a party, to mark my sense of his sense."

"A party? Excellent!—admirable!" exclaimed Spencer Churchill, rubbing his hands, his eyes going from the marquis's cold, sardonic face to Lord Cecil's grave and rather moody one with keen watchfulness. "Now, how good of you to think of that! Why, how many years is it since you entertained in this house?"

The marquis compressed his lips.

"The last time was"—he paused a moment, then, as if out of sheer bravado, went on—"the night before my wife ran away from me! Not a pleasant omen for 'dear Cecil,' is it?"

Spencer Churchill coughed behind his hand.

"Oh, there must be no bad omens for the young couple," he said rather confusedly. "And what date is the party to be?"

"When you like," replied the marquis, with the most profound indifference. "I should enjoy it better if you'd wait until I'm dead, but as it is, I don't care when it is."

"Ah! then we must leave it to dear Lady Grace," said Spencer Churchill.

"I'm sending her a present," said the marquis listlessly. "There are some things in that safe there; get them out, and choose something."

"Now how delightful," purred Spencer Churchill. "One of the old family jewels, eh, dear marquis? A bracelet, or a ring, or something of that kind, I suppose?"

By this time Lord Cecil had reached the safe and opened it, and Spencer Churchill, with a smile of childlike interest and curiosity, went and stood beside him.

The safe was half full of papers, and nothing but papers, as it appeared, and Lord Cecil had said so, and waited for instructions.

"The cases are at the back," said the marquis. "For Heaven's sake don't bother me over the business, or I shall regret my sudden and unusual generosity," he added, with a sneer.

Lord Cecil took some of the documents out, and revealed a couple of jewel cases, and placing the former on a chair, carried the latter to the marquis.

"These papers want arranging, dear marquis," said Spencer Churchill, and he lingered behind as if casually, but his eyes flashed over the litter of parchment with keen and searching scrutiny.

"I daresay," assented the marquis indifferently. "There are some wills of mine there, I think, but it doesn't matter. I

shall live to make two or three more to add to this collection," and he glanced at Lord Neville maliciously.

Spencer Churchill laughed, as if it were an excellent joke, and Lord Cecil opened the cases and set them on the small tablet beside the marquis.

"Are these what you want?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," said his lordship. "Choose something here, Churchill."

"Am I to help in the selection? Really!" he exclaimed, and leaned forward with such alacrity that he overturned the chair upon which the deeds were lying, and scattered them on the floor.

"Oh, I am so sorry! Tut, tut, how clumsy of me!" he exclaimed apologetically, and he went down on his knees and gathered up the papers.

"Let them alone, for Heaven's sake!" sneered the marquis, with cold irritation.

"Yes, yes, I'll just pick them up," murmured Spenser Churchill, and with his back to the other two, he rapidly examined each deed as he placed it on a chair. "Now, then," and he came to the table. "Ah! these are some of the Stoyle jewels! How exquisite they are, and what a pity they should have been hidden away so long! How nice it is to reflect that they will soon adorn our beautiful Lady Grace, eh, dear Cecil?"

Lord Cecil did not answer, but moodily took the jewels from their respective cases, and held them up for the marquis's inspection.

He eyed them with his usual cold impassibility, but presently Lord Cecil held up a suite of pearls. It was an antique and evidently priceless set, and Cecil was regarding them with a listless interest when suddenly a strange idea flashed across his mind that he had seen them before; and yet he knew that he could not have done so.

The last person upon whose neck and wrists that priceless suite of antique gems had shone was the ill-fated marchioness, whom he had never seen, and whose end was still a mystery to him. He was convinced that he had never seen them before, and yet he seemed to remember them.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Spenser Churchill, but looking at his companion's face instead of the jewels with a watchful scrutiny.

"Yes, they are," said Lord Cecil, and he turned the remaining jewels over as if searching for something.

"What are you looking for?" demanded the marquis, his eyes fixed with a strange expression upon the pearls in Lord Cecil's hands.

"I am looking for the ring: I suppose there ought to be one to make the set complete? There is everything else here."

The marquis's face seemed to grow grey, then he laughed a dry, harsh laugh.

"The ring is missing," he said, almost inaudibly. "It went with——"

"No, no," cut in Spencer Churchill softly. "I saw it at the bottom of the box a moment ago; but, really, my dear Cecil," he continued hurriedly, as if to prevent the marquis contradicting him, "I don't think they would suit dear Lady Grace as well as some of these other things. Now if I might suggest, may I?" and with smooth deftness he took the case from him and picked out a diamond and ruby bracelet. "Now that is the kind of thing which would please dear Lady Grace. These pearls will be more suitable when she is married."

The marquis took the bracelet, and Lord Cecil fancied that the claw-like hands trembled slightly, and looked at it absently. Then he dropped it on the table and turned aside with listless indifference.

"The pearl suite will do," he said curtly. "Take it and give it to her. Will you be good enough to send my man to me?" he added as a hint that he desired to be rid of their presence.

"Good-day, sir, and thank you," said Cecil, moving to the door.

"Stop, my dear Cecil, the safe. You must put those jewels away and lock it," said the marquis, with icy impatience.

"Oh, Cecil will look it," murmured Spenser Churchill. "I am going to get some lunch, marquis," and with a nod he went to the door, but there he turned. "Oh, would you like a newspaper, marquis?" he asked, and as he waited for the reply he watched Cecil lock the safe and deposit the keys in the cabinet drawer.

"No!" answered the marquis almost fiercely, and the two men went out.

Spenser Churchill locked his arm in Lord Cecil's reluctant one.

"Dear marquis!" he murmured softly. "So generous and—er—thoughtful! You have made him very happy, my dear Cecil, and be sure that his happiness will find its reflection in your own heart. Ahem! Did you notice, my dear Cecil, how—er—unwell and, so to speak, generally feeble he looked?"

"No," said Cecil gravely.

"No? Then perhaps—indeed, I fervently hope—that it was only my fancy; but I certainly did think that I saw a change in him since last I was here. I do hope it was only fancy! The world could ill afford to lose so great and kind hearted a man as our dear marquis! And so you are going to marry the beautiful and charming Lady Grace! Ah, youth, youth! what a blessed possession it is! How I envy you, my dear Cecil!"

"Thanks!" said Lord Cecil, curtly. "I'll tell Lady Grace, who will feel duly complimented, I've no doubt."

"Yes, yes—tell her, you happy rogue!" said the philanthropist, and, with a playful nod and laugh, he watched Cecil go down the hall and out at the door.

Then his face changed to one of keen reflection, and, as he went into the dining room to the little lunch he had ordered, he muttered:

"Yes, the one I want is there!—and the keys are in that drawer, which he always keeps locked. I must have that will—but how?"

When the invitations to an evening party at Stoyle House were issued, they caused as much astonishment to the recipients and the world at large as if the trustees of the British Museum had announced their intention of giving a dance at that revered institution.

Only a very few of the last generation remembered any entertainment at Stoyle House, and they declared that the rumor must either be false, or that the marquis had at last, and very appropriately, gone out of his mind; and it was not until signs of the vast preparations for the event made themselves felt that the world began to realize the truth.

Then arose such a struggle and scramble for tickets as occurs in connection with one of the events of the season, and Lady Grace was worried and pestered for an invitation as if it were a permit to Paradise itself.

For a couple of seasons she had been the acknowledged belle, but now it seemed as if suddenly she had become one of the veritable queens of society.

Wherever she went, she was surrounded by a crowd, eager to lay their tribute of adulation at the feet of the beautiful girl who had succeeded, where so many had failed, in securing handsome Cecil Neville, the future Marquis of Stoyle.

Women who envied and hated her approached her with faces wreathed in smiles and voices soft and affectionate. Her carriage, or her horse, in the Park was surrounded by men eager to claim acquaintance with the future marchioness, who could give them invitations to so many shooting and hunting parties "when the marquis died!"

And Lady Grace bore herself through it all with charming moderation. She delighted in all this worship, but it may be truly said, that she was never happier than when Lord Cecil was by her side. Some of us tire of the prize we scheme and toil so eagerly for; but in Lady Grace's eyes the prize she had so basely won increased in value day by day.

She had loved him the first night they had met at Barton Towers, and her love, perhaps by opposition and the struggle she had made to win him, had grown into an absorbing passion. She was restless and nervous when he was absent, and those who knew her well could tell when he was in the room or near at hand, by the joyous smile on her lips and the soft glow in her eyes.

"Always thought that girl had no heart," remarked one keen observer. "Only shows how a fellow can be mistaken in a woman. She's as clean gone upon Cissy as a girl can be."

"And Cissy?" queried the man to whom he spoke; "what about him?"

The cynic shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't know. Seems as if he's got something on his mind, and couldn't get it off. Never saw a man so changed in all my life: perhaps his happiness is rather too much for him."

And yet Lord Cecil's conduct gave no cause for evil comment. No man could be more attentive to his *fiancée*. He was with her every day, was by her side at nearly all the "At homes," was seen at the crushes at concerts and balls, her shawl upon his arm, the arm itself always at her command; and yet the old "Cissy" had gone, and in its place was the tall, grave faced man, with the look as if he had something on his mind.

The night of the party arrived. Some preparations had been necessary, and they had been made with a lavish hand. The big house which had sheltered so many generations of the Stoyles through so many London seasons, was ablaze with lights, which shone upon the handsome decorations of the great saloon and the magnificent dresses of the women.

Only at one of the state balls could have been seen such a display of diamonds, and very soon after the ball commenced it was declared by the experienced that it would prove *the* event of the season.

It was not until the fourth dance on the list had been reached that the marquis put in an appearance. Lady Grace, magnificently dressed—robed one might almost say—had been questioned concerning his absence by the throng that surrounded her, but had shaken her head with a charming smile as she answered—

"He has promised to come into the room, if only for a few minutes, but I don't know when he will come."

She was, by right of her beauty and position, the queen of the brilliant assemblage, and she reigned in truly queenly fashion. Lord Cecil, moving about as host during his uncle's absence, glanced towards her now and again, and said to himself that if he needs must choose a mate, he could not have choosen a more beautiful or splendid one. But he sighed as he made the admission, and there rose before him the vision of Doris's ivory-pale face with its wealth of dark hair and witching blue eyes; and he would give half to at remained of his life to be sitting at her feet once more; only once more!

He was roused from one of these fits of reverie by a subdued murmur of interest and curiosity, and looking up saw the tall thin figure of the marquis entering the room at one of the doors leading from his private apartments.

The clean-cut face was deadly pale, but the dark eyes shone with a hard, steel-like brilliance, and the thin, cruel lips wore a reflection of a smile as he came forward and greeted those near to him.

There was no vulgar pushing and crowding, but somehow, in an impalpable kind of way, a circle gathered round him, and then the marquis of old, or a shadow and semblance of him, shone forth. The polished wit, like a rapier long disused, leapt from its scabbard, and set the group admiring and laughing as of yore. As he moved from one to the other, addressing his courtly flattery to the women and his biting cynicisms to the men, a feeling of wonder ran through the room.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed an old man, who remembered him in years gone by, "it is like a resurrection! It is like going back a quarter of a century! That is the kind of wit we were accustomed to, sir! Look at him, and compare him with the young fellows of the present day! And don't tell me that we haven't degenerated!"

Lord Cecil stood a little apart looking on at the success which the marquis was making, the enthusiasm which he was arousing; when he felt a hand softly touch his arm, and Spencer Churchill's unctuous voice purred in his ear.

"Do you see the dear marquis, Cecil? Wonderful, isn't it? Quite like what he used to be, I assure you! Remarkable man. Really it fills me with admiration and—er—astonishment! Did you hear that brilliant repartee of his at which they were all laughing?"

"No," said Cecil gravely.

"Astonishing! Ah, my dear Cecil, he is a marvellous man. They were saying that he was going to dance—a square dance of course, just a walk through a quadrille, but I shouldn't think—eh? Why, yes, he is—!" he broke off smoothly. "Actually is!" and followed by Cecil he made his way towards a circle that surrounded the marquis who was seen going towards Lady Grace.

"These young people have set me thinking of old times, Lady Grace," he said, in his clear, metallic voice. "Will you dare to brave their ridicule by giving your hand to an old man? Or perhaps you would prefer a more suitable partner?" and he shot a sarcastic glance at Cecil, who had now reached his side.

She bent towards him with perfect grace, and placed her hand upon his arm.

A thrill of amazement and curiosity ran through the room, and those near the two fell back. The set was formed, and Lord Cecil found himself standing at one of the sides with a young girl for a partner.

"What a delightful man to have for an uncle!" she said, with a smile.

"Yes, yes," he replied absently, his eyes fixed on the thin, white face.

The music commenced, the dance began, and the marquis, with a grace which reminded those of his old friends of the days when "Wicked Lord Stoyle" was in the prime of his youth—and his wickedness!—led Lady Grace to the centre. A crowd had collected round the set; all eyes were fixed upon him and the lovely woman who bore her triumph with such queenly self-possession, when suddenly a cry—a shudder rather—of alarm ran from lip to lip; for the erect, stately figure was seen to swerve and rock, and then stand still as if rooted to the spot, with its arms held above his head, and its staring eyes fixed strangely on vacancy.

"Great Heaven! It's a fit! He's dying!" said someone.

Cecil sprang forward, and, just in time, caught him in his arms.

Someone silenced the band, and the whole assemblage became instantly mute.

Lord Cecil raised the motionless form in his arms—it seemed to weigh nothing to him, so thin and emaciated was it—and, through a lane of horrified spectators, carried him up the broad stairs, and into his bedroom.

Three persons followed him,—Lady Grace, Spenser Churchill, and the marquis's valet,—and entered the room with him.

Lord Cecil laid his frail burden on the bed, and the valet quickly unfastened the old-fashioned cravat.

"It is a fit, my lord!" he murmured, agitatedly. "I expected it! I have been watching him from one of the doorways. His face was so white, and—and strained-like——"

"Go for a doctor," said Lord Cecil, quietly. "Grace, go down, and get rid of these people."

"Oh! come with me, Cecil!" she said, brokenly; "I—I shall break down!"

"Yes, go with her," said Spenser Churchill. "You need not be more than a few minutes, and I'll stay here with him."

Reluctantly, Cecil drew his arm within hers, and left Spenser Churchill alone with the unconscious man.

Alone with him!

He waited until Lady Grace and Lord Cecil had left the room; then, scarcely looking at the white, distorted face, he searched the pockets of the helpless man, and with a suppressed cry of satisfaction, darted to the cabinet, got the keys, and opened the safe.

Taking out two deeds engrossed, "The last will and testament of the Marquis of Stoyle," he thrust one in the breast pocket of his coat, and placed the other in the safe, locked it, and returned the keys to the cabinet.

Scarcely had he done so, and taken his place at the bedside, than Lord Cecil and the valet hurried in with a doctor, who had been one of the guests.

He bent over the unconscious marquis and made his examination.

"Is he?—oh, don't say that my dear friend is dead!" exclaimed Spenser Churchill with a sob.

Lord Cecil waited for the answer in silent horror.

"No, no, he is not dead! Open that window!" said the doctor. "It is a fit produced by sudden excitement."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Spenser Churchill devoutly. "And will he recover, doctor?"

The doctor looked grave.

"I cannot say. If he should——" He hesitated, and looked at Lord Cecil. "It is a very serious case, my lord; a sudden collapse. The unusual excitement has been too much for his lordship. He may recover, but if he should"—he stopped, and touched his forehead—"I fear it will a bodily and not mental recovery."

Spencer Churchill drew back, and covered his face with his hands.

"My poor friend!" he sobbed; and if he gave expression to his thoughts he would have added, "will not be able to make a fresh will!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE great marquis recovered consciousness by mid-day, but he lay cold and silent, the keen, hard face looking like a mask carved in old ivory. Cecil Neville scarcely left his side, and, though the marquis did not at empt to speak, he turned his eyes upon him now and again with a curious expression in them. Mr. Spenser Churchill was, as became so well-known and tender-hearted a philanthropist, most attentive and sympathetic, and he hovered about the bedside, and shed the light of his benevolent countenance upon the patient, as if he were the marquis's brother. And him, too, the sick man regarded with an expression of thoughtful watchfulness.

Mr. Spenser Churchill waited four days, then, hearing from the doctors that the marquis might possibly remain in his present condition for weeks, or even months, he thought that he had better attend to the other threads of his plot. It

was time that Percy Levant secured Doris. Everything in England was working wonderfully well for Mr. Spenser Churchill, and, in anticipation, he could almost see the accomplishment of his object and the reward of all his scheming and toiling.

"It cuts me to the heart to leave the dear patient, Cecil," he said; "but I have most urgent business on the continent, connected with one of our great charitable societies, and I really must go. I have the consolation of reflecting that I leave my dear old friend in such loving hands as yours and Lady Grace's. He will, I know, receive every attention that affectionate hearts can suggest."

"Yes," said Cecil, rather grimly. "We shall neither starve nor neglect him; don't remain a moment longer than you like. You had better leave your address."

"Y—es," said Spenser Churchill. "Dear me, I scarcely know what address to give you, I shall be moving about so much for the first few weeks; but perhaps you had better write to Meurigny's, at Paris. You will telegraph to me, of course. I shall be back as soon as possible. And when I come," he added mentally, as he wrung Cecil's hand, "perhaps I may have the satisfaction of dealing you a slight shock, my self-sufficient young friend!"

He started for Italy that same evening, and three days later appeared in the garden of the Villa Rimini to find that Doris had consented to be Percy Levant's wife.

There was something so complete in the success of his plans that Mr. Spenser Churchill was almost startled. The marquis lying bereft of reason and helpless away in England, and Doris Marlowe engaged to Percy Levant! It was little short of marvellous!

"Now, if I could only see them married," he murmured, as he lay on the lawn smoking a cigarette, and blinking placidly up at the blue sky; "if I could only see them married, and the dear marquis would kindly remove himself from this troublous world, I should be ten thousand pounds richer in pocket, and be able to repay my dear Lord Cecil for the many, the very many snubs he has bestowed upon me. Ah, here comes Percy. How the young man hates me! And yet I have been the actual means of giving him a beautiful wife and a large fortune. Strange how deeply ingratitude is engrained in the human heart! Well, Percy," he purred, "and how is dear Miss Marlowe now? It was nothing serious, I trust? Only the heat, my dear Percy? I noticed that the room was hot, and the air quite heavy with flowers. I'm not sure that too many flowers are wholesome; to some ultra refined sensibilities, like those of our dear Miss Doris for instance, their perfume is over whelming. How is she?"

Percy Levant stood with folded arms looking thoughtfully into vacancy, his handsome face grave and sombre.

"Miss Marlowe has gone to her own room," he said in a low voice. "Yes, it may have been the heat and the scent of the flowers." As he spoke he took his society journal from his pocket and opened it. "What was it Lady Despard was reading when—when Miss Marlowe fainted, Churchill?" and he bent his dark eyes keenly upon the placid face.

Spenser Churchill touched his white, smooth forehead with his forefinger.

"Really, my dear Percy, I forgot? Wasn't it something about that floral fete to the Amalgamated Charity Children? Or was it the account of Lady Brabazon's ball? Miss Marlowe's sudden and alarming indisposition so startled me that it drove the matter out of my head."

Percy Levant looked at him fixedly, then opened the paper and scanned it carefully; then his eyes flashed as he came across the paragraph respecting Lord Cecil's engagement, and he read it aloud.

"That was it, was it not?"

"N—o, I don't think so, but I really can't be sure. To tell you the truth I wasn't paying much attention. You see, I'd read the paper coming across."

"It was it, and you know it," said Percy Levant in a low voice.

"Was it? I daresay. But what has that to do with Miss Marlowe,s swoon?" inquired Spenser Churchill with a patient smile.

Percy Levant paced up and down, his head sunk upon his breast.

"I don't know," he muttered inaudibly; "but I will know!"

"Don't look so distressed, my dear Percy!" purred Spenser Churchill, leaning his head on his elbow, and watching him through half-closed eyes. "I trust there is nothing to be really anxious about. Miss Doris will be well and honor us with her presence at lunch, or at dinner at latest. Of course, I can understand your anxiety, but don't give way to it, my dear Percy. Will you come and sit down? I want to talk to you for a few moments."

Percy Levant stopped short in his pacing to and fro, and looked down at him.

"Well!" he said impatiently.

"I want to speak to you about the marriage," said Spenser Churchill.

"What marriage?" demanded Percy Levant with a frown.

Spenser Churchill opened his eyes and laughed softly.

"Why, your marriage, my dear fellow," he returned; "yours and Miss Doris's. I don't know whether you agree with me, but I am, on principle, strongly opposed to long engagements. When two young hearts are yearning for each other——Percy, this marriage must take place at once," he broke off with a sharp and sudden change of voice.

Percy Levant watched him closely and in silence for a moment.

"Why?" he asked.

Spenser Churchill smiled blandly.

"For several reasons; one, and not the least, being my anxiety to see two young people in whom I am deeply interested made happy; another, if I may be candid, is because I am anxious to complete our contract and destroy the bond," and he touched his breast-pocket.

A strange expression came into Percy Levant's face, came and passed like a flash.

"You want your money?" he said.

"Naturally; and you want your bride! So that we are of one mind, my dear Percy."

"And what if I say that I will go no further in this vile business; if I say that I will no longer be a party in this company against a helpless girl?" said Percy Levant in a low voice, and with a sudden crimson rising to his face.

Spenser Churchill smiled blandly.

"But you won't say any such nonsense, my dear fellow," he retorted, blowing a thin wreath of smoke from his complacent lips; "and it would be nonsense, sheer nonsense, for you couldn't draw back if you would, because, my dear Percy, you are so completely and madly in love with her!"

Percy Levant grew pale, and he clenched his hands.

"You fiend!" he muttered.

Spenser Churchill laughed softly.

"Come, come, we had enough hard names last night! If I am a fiend, as you call it, don't you be a fool. Why, my good sir, you have got everything you wanted, and, like a spoiled child, you are still dissatisfied, and want to quarrel with the person who has been your best friend. What, give up charming Doris Marlowe! Tut, tut, you couldn't do it; now, could you?"

Percy Levant turned his head aside, and something like a groan escaped his compressed lips.

"No, you couldn't. And therefore I say that the sooner the marriage takes place, and you have got for your bride the beautiful young creature with whom you are so madly in love, the better. 'A bird in the hand,' and 'There is many a slip, etc., etc.' You know the two old, but exquisitely true, proverbs, I daresay. Get the marriage over, my dear Percy!"

"You speak of a marriage, and we were engaged only last night!" he said, after a pause. "Do you think she would consent? How little you know her. Perhaps you think"—with a bitter smile—"that she is as madly in love with me as I am with her!"

Spenser Churchill shook his head.

"No, my dear fellow, I don't think anything of the kind. I think I can understand why Miss Doris has promised to marry you. But if she doesn't love you now, she will do. Oh, yes, believe me, with most women love comes after marriage!"

A light shone in the dark eyes for a moment, then faded out again, and left the handsome face grave and moody.

"I think she will consent—in fact, I am sure she will." He leant forward on his elbow, and whispered the ensuing words insidiously. "She must be made to!"

"Made to?"

"Yes. Tut, tut, don't look so black. Moral force, not physical, my dear Percy, is what I mean. Listen to me. I think you still admit that, up to now, my judgment has been pretty correct, and that I didn't start you on a wild-goose chase that morning in Soho, when I offered to give you a beautiful wife, and make your fortune. Eh, my dear Percy? Well, I'll finish what I began, and here is my little plan. Do you know Pescia?"

Percy Levant nodded.

"A charming little place, my dear Percy. So quiet and secluded, and so much healthier than Florence. Now if I were a medical man I should say that Miss Doris wanted a change, and that no place, within even easy distance, could be more suitable than Pescia. Though I am not a doctor, I think I shall venture to suggest to Lady Despard that she and Doris go there for a few weeks."

Percy Levant listened intently, his brilliant eyes covered by their long dark lashes, so that Spenser Churchill could not see the expression that gleamed in them.

"Well, they go to Pescia, and you, of course, with them. You are there, say, a fortnight or three weeks, when I write to offer you an engagement at a large salary, in Australia."

Percy Levant did not move a muscle.

"It is a most tempting offer, but, alas! poor as you are, you cannot bring yourself to leave your lady-love for years, perhaps for ever, as the song says. And what so natural and reasonable as the suggestion that you should marry her, and take her out with you? At first, she will hesitate—oh! yes, certainly she will hesitate—but I think—" with a smile, "I think I do not over-estimate your powers of persuasion when I say that I am convinced you will overcome her reluctance to so hasty a marriage. There is a charming little English church in Pescia—most charming!—the very church for a quiet wedding. A *quiet* wedding, mark me, my dear Percy! You see! Come, admit that I am as thoughtful on your behalf as even a parent could be!" and he laughed unctuously.

"To Australia!" said Percy Levant in a low voice.

Spenser Churchill made a mocking gesture.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Why should you go to Australia? On the day after the wedding you and I will have a little explanation. I shall have the happiness of telling you whom you have married, and the extent of your good fortune; of putting you in the way of paying me that little bonus we agreed upon—and then you may go where you please—London—Paris—Jericho!"

"I see," said Percy Levant slowly. "It is a clever plan. And you will tell me nothing until after the marriage? You will not trust me——"

The gentle philanthropist's smile spoke volumes by way of answer. It really meant, "Do you take me for a fool?"

"Yes, it is a clever plan," repeated Percy Levant. "But, clever as it is, I think you will spoil it, Spenser Churchill."

"I! Spoil it!" he echoed with reproachful indignation.

"Yes, I think so. Do you think Lady Despard will not suspect that there is something wrong when you dog our footsteps and follow us about——"

Mr. Spenser Churchill laughed.

"But I do not intend to inflict my presence upon you, my dear Percy. I shall ask dear Lady Despard's permission to remain here at the villa, in charge, as it were, during her absence. You see? So that there will be nothing to be suspicious about."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KISSING MOTHER.—How many young ladies of to-day would laugh at the absurd idea, as they express it, of kissing mother; but you cannot, dear girls, imagine how it will brighten her dark face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

THERE are four services at all state dinners at the White House. The dishes, in their order, are served on silver platters by waiters, the guests helping themselves. The chief waiter serves the President first, and then proceeds toward the right, and the second waiter toward the left. The same course is observed on the opposite side of the table, beginning with the presiding lady. No one is ever served twice.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHEAPNESS.—The diminution of cost of production effected in modern times by the improvements in processes of manufacture is wonderful. Thus, a gross of steel pens which are to-day sold for 10 cents, formerly cost $35.00 to produce.

RED.—If the question were asked, even in a hunting country, how did the custom of wearing scarlet coats when fox-hunting originate, there are many who are ignorant that it dates back to 1188, when Henry II. issued a Royal mandate, proclaiming fox-hunting a sport for Kings, and enjoining all who took part therein to wear the Royal livery. Probably the oldest fashion on record.

ARAB COURTESY.—When an Arab meets a friend, he seizes his right-hand thumb, and goes through the entire list of the friends and relations, grasping a new finger for each enquiry for the welfare of the family, and if the fingers do not hold out, starts anew until the category is gone through with. The Persians simply touch the forehead, while the Chinese, Burmese, and most other nations do something equally as simple.

DEATH AND THE JEWS.—Just as near relatives are excluded from the death chamber of a Jew, so are females prohibited from attending a funeral or interment. The custom of excluding women on such occasions is certainly not an ancient one, since we know from the Talmud and later rabbinical books that, of old, women joined in the funeral processions of their people, chanting dirges appropriate to the ceremony. However, nowadays the obsequies are attended by males only.

POLITENESS.—The men of Japan are always excessively polite to one another. They bend their backs and bow their heads, and put their two hands back to back between their knees and have a great time. But the most amusing thing is to see two old ladies in Japan meeting one another in the street. They catch sight of one another three or four blocks apart. They immediately begin to make obeisance at one another, and they keep bending and bowing until they come together, when they make a peculiar hiss by drawing in the breath, and keep on saying "Ohavo" for about two minutes.

ODD FUNERALS.—The funeral observances in Madagascar are very ceremonious, as might be expected in a country where the worship of ancestors has so long been a part of its religion, and the graves and vaults are reverenced as sacred places. They are usually only shapeless mounds of earth or stone, near which are erected wooden stakes, eight or nine feet high, with skulls and horns of oxen fixed or impaled on the wood. These are objects of worship, or at least of special veneration, for they are the heads of bullocks sacrificed in honor of the dead at the time of burial. It is usual to inter the dead near the dwelling house.

SWANS.—In Hampshire, swans are believed to be hatched in thunderstorms; and it is said that those on the Thames have an instinctive prescience of floods: before heavy rains they raise their nests. When rooks fly high and seem to imitate birds of prey by soaring, swooping, and falling, it is almost a certain sign of a coming storm. The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before a storm has given it the names of rain-bird, rain-pie, and rain-fowl. Stormcock is a provincial name shared by this bird and the missel-thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Stormbird also is applied to the fieldfare.

A DEFECTIVE MEMORY.—A gentleman was recently a victim of defective memory. He arranged to give an elaborate dinner to a numerous and distinguished company. The appointed evening arrived; the collation, an elegant one, was all ready to be served, but the guests came not. Half-an-hour passed and still they did not come, and the host became really uneasy. When the delay had grown to an hour, and not a man of them had shown up, his feelings were indescribable. And who can picture his agony of spirit when, on returning to his room, he chanced to pull open a drawer, and therein found the whole bundle of invitations, which he had forgotten to post!

NELLIE PATTERSON, said to be Connecticut's only female machinist, is described as a handsome girl, bright eyed, quick in action and very popular. She is employed by the Mount Carmel Belt Company, and is a full fledged machinist, having served her full time at the trade and mastered it in all its details.

TENDERNESS.

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best.

A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the coldness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.

In youth's brief heyday hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies,
God grant later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's Autumn skies!
God grant that some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"YOU HAD MUCH BETTER give it up, Lucille," said Laurence Doyle. "I really don't think it is at all a safe thing to do—anybody might see you there, and mention it to Sir Adrian. And after the fright we had the other night too!"

'Oh, that has blown over completely! He has never alluded to it again; I quite persuaded him that it was entirely an accidental thing your dropping in, and that you came to see aunt Adelaide. I assure you he has never mentioned your name since."

"H'm," murmured Laurie dubiously—"that doesn't prove that he doesn't remember it! By George, when I think of his face as I came in! I never had such a turn in my life—it made me turn quite cold!'

They were walking slowly together along the path in the Park which runs parallel to Park Lane. It was six o'clock, a mild fine winter evening, and it was exceedingly dark.

Since the catastrophe of the by-gone unlucky evening Lucille had been afraid to allow Laurence Doyle to come openly to the house; and so she had arranged to run out from her aunt's house as soon as Sir Adrian's afternoon visit was over—he usually went away at half-past five—and meet Laurie at the gate in the Park at the end of Green Street.

It was the day before the Uxerton Races, and Laurie was trying to persuade her to give up the wild and perilous expedition.

He might as well have endeavored to move the Marble Arch, upon which his eyes were fixed.

Lucille looked forward to the adventure with all the zest and delight of a child who is plotting an escape from school.

The fact that Adrian had forbidden her to see Laurence Doyle only increased her determination to go her own way, and the element of danger did but add fuel to the self-will and the reckless bravado which had completely taken possession of her.

She did not tell Mr. Doyle that her lover had forbidden her to see him; for she said to herself that men were cowards, and that it was of no use telling him everything.

Nevertheless he knew enough to be sure that she would get into serious trouble if she were found out; and he told her so very plainly.

"But I shall not be found out!" she cried irritably. "I tell you he starts to-night for Scotland, and he will not be back for a week. He is coming to dine with us at quarter-past seven, and he is to bring his luggage round to Green Street; so that I shall actually see him off. You may be sure that I shall pack him off in good time to catch his train—trust to me to do that."

"And then there is Lady Elwyn. What are you going to say to her?"

"My dear Laurie, what a coward you are! I shall leave the house at half-past eight, before my aunt is out of bed. I shall tell her to-night that Kathleen has asked me to spend a long day with her, as that new companion of hers is going away, and I shall go out directly I have had my breakfast in my room. She will never know at what time I started; and I shall be back by dinner-time—you have promised me that."

"Oh, yes—I think we can manage that easily; but it seems a dreadful risk!"

"One would think that you did not want to have me with you!" she pouted, pretending to draw away her hand from under his arm.

"My dearest," he cried, holding it fast, "you know it is not that; you know that I shall be delighted to take you, and to be alone with you for so long—it will be such a happy day for me! But then I am afraid trouble may come of it afterwards for you. Lucille, suppose by any chance Deverell should find it out, and suppose it should make a quarrel between you, and suppose your engagement came to an end—would you marry me then?"

"Suppose, and suppose, and suppose!" she echoed mockingly. "My dear Laurie, I was always a bad hand at guessing conundrums, so don't ask unanswerable questions! And now I must run home; and at half-past eight to-morrow morning wet or fine, I shall be here by the gate to meet you. I have set my heart upon going, so it's of no use your saying any more about it. Good-bye!"

Under cover of darkness he seized her suddenly in his arms and covered the beautiful false face with passionate kisses—kisses such as no man on earth should have had the right to press upon the lips of the future Lady Deverell.

But Lucille was neither angered nor insulted; she knew it was the one necessary penalty she was bound to pay for the enjoyment of her forbidden fruit.

She liked him in a way—and of the two men she preferred that Laurie should kiss her rather than Adrian.

When she reached home, cautiously opening the door with her latch-key so that her aunt should not hear her, she stole upstairs to her bed-room, and, opening her wardrobe, fastened her eyes on the pretty dark-gray dress and jacket trimmed with silver fox fur which she meant to wear on the morrow, and took out the dainty gray felt hat to match, and tried it on her shining head before the glass.

It suited her to perfection; and in the rapture of the prospect of wearing this new finery her conscience forgot to trouble her about the disgraceful action which she contemplated, nor did she even feel nervous about its dangers.

Then her maid came in; and she made haste to dress in a simple black evening-gown, and hurried down-stairs, to find Sir Adrian and her aunt awaiting her for dinner.

Adrian's luggage stood in the hall, and the mere sight of his portmanteau and hat-box made Lucille feel quite gay and happy at the prospect of his departure.

Long before there was the least occasion for it, she meant to tell the butler to have a cab summoned and the luggage placed upon it. She had said to Laurie that she was not going to let him miss his train if she could avoid it.

Dinner was over at last. Deverell had swallowed his coffee and stood up before the dining-room fire whilst the butler brought in his heavy fur-lined travelling-coat.

Adrian consulted his watch.

"I have heaps of time," he remarked drily.

'Our clocks here are rather slow," said Lucille.

"No—not by my watch. However since the cab is here——"

"Yes; it would be a pity if you missed your train," said Lucille, who was nervously anxious to see him depart.

Lady Elwyn unconsciously played into her niece's hands by observing that, for her part, she always preferred to have plenty of time at the station when she was going on a journey.

"Very well; I may as well start," Sir Adrian said, while the butler was helping him with his coat.

He set light to his cigar with Lady Elwyn's permission, shook hands with her, and kissed Lucille lightly on the forehead.

In another minute he was off, and the sound of the cab wheels rolled away quickly down the street. Lucille seemed to breathe more freely; and then she and her aunt went up-stairs.

"I cannot think why you want to spend the day with that hateful girl," said her aunt to her, when she had unfolded her little plan for the morrow to her, as they sat together before the fire. "I always thought you did not like her."

"I don't like her much. But then I have been thinking that it is as well to keep in with her. She is very rich, and will probably make a good marriage; it might be convenient to me to know her by and-by, and very inconvenient to be on bad terms with her. On the whole, I think I will go. She has written me a nice letter asking me to go for the whole day to-morrow, as her companion will be away. It happens to suit me; because, as Adrian will be absent, I shall have no tiee at home."

"That is true! May I see her letter?" asked Lady Elwyn.

"Unfortunately I have torn it up. There was nothing else in it. I think I may as well gratify her, and go directly after breakfast. You will not be up, aunt Adelaide; so that I will not disturb you in the morning. I shall be back in good time for dinner."

"Very well; perhaps you are right to go. Of course I can never set eyes on her again; it would make me ill to see her after all the terrible trouble she has brought upon me."

For by this time Lady Elwyn had almost persuaded herself to believe that Kathleen had killed her father.

"But your case is different. My dear, go if you like; and I will call upon and lunch with my old friends in Grosvenor Place, so that I shall not miss you."

And presently the ladies parted for the night.

Clever as Miss Maitland was, she had on this occasion been a little too clever; she over-reached her mark. She had said to Laurie that she would see that Sir Adrian went off sufficiently early to catch his train, and she had despatched him in such good time that, when he looked at his watch as the cab was turning into Oxford Street, he found that he had over forty-five minutes in which to get to Euston Station. He determined to drive to his club and call for his letters.

The cab-horse was a good one. In seven minutes Sir Adrian reached Pall Mall. He ran up the steps of his club and the porter handed him one letter.

He tore it open hastily and read—

"The Lady Superior of the Nurses' Institute, Bloomsbury Square, presents her compliments to Sir Adrian Deverell, and writes to inform him that Mrs. Hyam returned last night to town, and is staying for two days only at No. 15, Tiverton Street. She will be leaving London or a situation in Devonshire early on Friday morning."

Sir Adrian stood hesitating for a moment with the letter in his hand; then he turned to the porter and said—

"Go and take my luggage out of that cab and pay the cabman;" and to himself he remarked, "Scotland can wait. I shall put off going until Friday. The chance of getting hold of Mrs. Hyam is too good a one to be thrown away."

He sent off a telegram to Edinburg, wrote a note to Tiverton Street making an appointment to call on the nurse at eleven o'clock the next morning, and spent the remainder of the evening quietly at his club.

On the following morning, punctual to the minute, he presented himself at the house in Tiverton Street, and was shown into a small humbly-furnished parlor by a respectable old woman in a black net cap and a rusty black stuff dress.

"My daughter-in-law will see you directly, sir. Will you please take a seat?"

"Is this Mrs. Hyam your daughter-in-law, madam? Then your name is Hyam too?"

"No sir. My name is Cole; my son has just married——"

"Oh, I see! Mrs. Hyam is now Mrs. Cole!" said Adrian.

Then the door opened and Mrs. Cole the younger entered, whilst Mrs. Cole the elder disappeared.

"Well, I am sure, Sir Adrian, this is a great honor to me! I am proud to see you, sir!"

"I must congratulate you, Mrs. Cole!" replied Adrian, with emphasis on the surname.

Mrs. Cole—late Hyam—simpered and looked down modestly; and these little preliminaries being despatched, Adrian proceeded to business.

"I have come to see you, Mrs. Cole, because I want you to relate to me exactly what happened on the evening of Lord Elwyn's death."

The woman looked startled; all her airs and graces vanished, and she was at once on her guard.

"I did my duty by Lord Elwyn, sir," she said stiffly.

"Every one knows that, Mrs. Cole; no one has ever doubted it. But you will, as a favor to me, try to recall every trifling incident that occurred previous to the unexpectedly sudden termination of Lord Elwyn's life?"

Mrs. Cole turned red and white; she looked at her questioner with evident apprehension, and seemed uncertain as to what she should say.

"My memory is not very good, sir," she began hesitatingly.

"Let me try to refresh it," said Adrian; and, as he spoke, he drew out his pocket-book and began fingering ostentatiously two crisp five-pound notes.

Mrs. Cole's countenance began to beam once more as her eyes fell upon them.

"Oh, sir, to a gentleman like you, as knows how to be the gentleman, of course I would not mind what I said, more especially as I feel sure you would not go and take the bread out of a poor woman's mouth by making use of anything against her!"

"Nothing that you can say shall be used against you, Mrs. Cole. For my own private satisfaction only I desire to find out the truth as to that evening's calamity."

Mrs. Cole sat down and crossed her hands in her lap, then asked quietly—

"What is it you wish to know, sir."

"I want to know first whether you left Lord Elwyn at all alone during the last hour of his life?"

"I did not leave him alone, sir—I should not have thought of doing such a thing—and I am sure that I have regretted it since most bitterly that I did run down-stairs for a minute just to have a glass of wine, as I was very tired that afternoon and quite faint-like. I am sure, if I'd have known, I'd never have left the room for one minute."

"You did leave him then?" said Adrian quickly. "For how long, Mrs. Cole? Surely for longer than one minute!"

"Well, sir, if you promise never to breathe a word of it at the Institute—for I am sure it shall never occur again, sir, and it would go dreadfully against me there if it were to be known——"

"You may rely on me, Mrs. Cole."

Again Sir Adrian rustled the bank-notes between his fingers.

"Then, sir, I will make a clean breast of it! I did linger a bit down-stairs. I got talking, you see, and didn't notice the time. It's very dull for a nurse, you know, sir, sitting always in a sick-room, and just a little change of scene and company cheers one up and helps to send one back fresher. Well, I stayed talking in the pantry, sir—if the truth must be known, it might have been ten minutes, and I won't exactly swear that it might not have been twenty."

Adrian took out his pocket-book and wrote down the nurse's statement.

"Yes; and, while you spent those ten or twenty minutes down-stairs, Mrs. Cole, what went on up-stairs in the sick-room? You say you did not leave Lord Elwyn alone. Who was there?"

"Well, sir, I will tell you the exact truth. As I was a-tidying up things in the dressing-room, there came in a most lovely young lady—not his lordship's daughter as had been sitting with him some time previously, but another lady, taller and more beautiful, whom I had not seen before; and she inquired how her 'dear uncle' was, and seemed very unhappy. She asked me if she might be allowed to do something to help—and her pretty eyes were filled with tears, and I hadn't the heart to refuse; and so I told her she might creep in and sit by the bedside behind the curtains quite quiet whilst I ran down stairs for a minute. His lordship was enjoying a nice little doze that should have freshened him up wonderful; so I told her to touch the bell if he woke, and not to speak. I just waited a minute to listen if all was quiet after she had gone into the room, and then I ran down-stairs; and the very next thing I hears is all them screams and shrieks up-stairs; and, when I came rushing in, his lordship lay in his death-agony on the floor, and the lawyer-gentleman was kneeling by his side and the pretty young lady, screaming the house down, rushing along the passages towards the staircase."

There was a moment of silence; then Adrian said very gravely—

"You know that young lady's name, Mrs. Cole?"

"Yes, sir; I was told afterwards. It was Miss Maitland, her ladyship's own niece; and I was told too that she had no love for Miss Elwyn, and would have liked to persuade her uncle to change his will before he died."

"Mrs. Cole, tell me what you really think happened—was Miss Maitland to blame?"

"Yes, sir, decidedly, because I warned her most particularly not to agitate the patient, and told her that it would be most dangerous if he got excited; and she certainly must have wakened him up and said something to agitate and excite him. Why, the very fact of her calling the lawyer shows that! Why did she call the lawyer? If I'd been there, I'd never have let that lawyer into the room, sir—not till his lordship had had a night's rest, at any rate! Oh, I take blame to myself, sir, I assure you. I know I ought never to have left the poor gentleman. But there—the best of us is but human, Sir Adrian—and it's been a lesson to me anyhow!"

"What you tell me is very serious, Mrs. Cole," said Adrian, after a pause. "I have written it all down, but not for any other purpose save my own satisfaction. I do not mind informing you that what you tell me only corroborates my own very strong suspicions. But of course your story will not be made use of against you—in fact, it could not be so used, as there is no one else to testify to its truth."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that, Sir Adrian. There's my husband as could swear to my going down-stairs and to the length of time I stayed out of the room. Ah, here he is, sir! You remember John, I dare say, as was upper-footman at the Castle?"

And, to Sir Adrian's intense surprise, the late upper-footman at Clortell Towers entered the room and announced himself to be none other than John Cole.

"Yes, sir," said his wife, in explanation, "me and John settled it together at that time. I had met him once before two years ago, so we were old friends; and it were that very evening as I stole down into the pantry to see him that John give me a glass of sherry and asked me to marry him."

"And it took twenty minutes to do it?" remarked Sir Adrian.

By this time the rustling bank-notes had been transferred from Adrian's pocket-book to Mrs. Cole's fat comfortable hands; and so, as the object of his visit had been accomplished, he wished the worthy couple all good fortune and happiness and bade them adieu.

When he was outside in the street again, he raised his hat for a moment from his head and drew a long breath of relief.

"Now for Lucille," he said to himself. "With this evidence I must force her to confess all and to vindicate Kathleen's honor. She must do so in writing freely and completely, or I shall refuse to marry her. But she will do it. My name and fortune as too highly prized by her—she will not sacrifice them. What I will do then shall be this. I will marry her, and she shall have her settlement and her share of my fortune; but we shall separate afterwards. I will have a deed of separation drawn up which we shall both sign immediately after our marriage. I will be her husband in name only. Those are the terms I will lay before her. I shall be as far from Kathleen as ever; but at least I will not be forced to live with a woman whose character I loathe and detest, and for whom I have not one spark either of affection or esteem!"

He determined to wait until the hour of his usual afternoon-visit to Green Street. He had letters to write and some business-matters to transact, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening that he entered Lady Elwyn's drawing-room.

He found that lady alone.

"Why, Adrian," she cried, in astonishment, as he entered, "you have not gone to Scotland then!"

"No. I was stopped at the last moment by some important business. I shall go to-morrow night instead. Where is Lucille? I want to see her."

"She has not come home. She went to spend the day with Kathleen Elwyn. Very kind of her, wasn't it?"

"With Kathleen Elwyn!" repeated Sir Adrian, in amazement. "How very strange!"

He glanced at the clock.

"She will be in directly; she is coming back in time for dinner. Will you wait, Adrian?"

"Yes, if you please. I want to speak to her particularly. Don't let me disturb you, Lady Elwyn, if you want to read your book."

He took up a newspaper, and Lady Elwyn went back to her novel. They must have waited the best part of an hour, and still Lucille did not put in an appearance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE EARLY morning of a pleasant winter day, dry, mild without rain, and sunshiny without frost, Lucille Maitland and Laurence Doyle had started together from Euston Station on their way to Uxerton Steeplechases.

Lucille's new gray costume fitted her to perfection, and the silver fox fur round her throat suited her fair skin admirably. She looked extremely handsome, and was altogether a companion to be proud of; and Laurie Doyle did not fail to tell her so. They had a first-class compartment to themselves; and all the way down to the junction where they had to change the infatuated Laurie did not fail to avail himself of his opportunities.

He made love to his companion freely and without reserve; and Lucille, though half remonstrating, half rebuking, allowed him to do pretty much as he liked.

"It is his last chance, poor boy; I may as well be kind to him," she thought; and the "kindness" consisted in allowing him to kiss her as often as he wished.

Once he tried to draw her head down on his shoulder; but Miss Maitland would not permit that—not because the intention shocked her sense of honor or propriety, but simply because she was afraid that her becoming gray felt hat would be crushed.

When they reached the junction, all these joys came to an end. There was a crowd on the platform going to the races, and everybody made for the Uxerton train.

The carriage into which Lucille and her cousin got was quickly filled; and so they devoted themselves strictly to business and to the study of their race-cards.

The Uxerton race-course was prettily situated on the gentle slope of a low hill, upon the summit of which was erected a small but smartly-decorated stand.

Laurie's first care was to procure a good seat in the front row for Lucille, and to provide her with race-glasses and a footstool for her feet; and then he had to leave her to go and consult his jockey and his trainer, and to inspect his horse.

The ground was fast filling; wagonettes and open carriages with ladies and their attendant swains were taking up their position one after another upon the reserved space immediately opposite to the stand; and presently a regimental coach with a fine level team of serviceable bay horses came gaily into view across the grassy meadow, and attracted general attention and admiration, at the same time causing a flutter of pleasureable excitement in the beautiful feminine bosoms in the grand stand.

Lucille soon discovered, from the conversation of the ladies about her, who were all strangers to her, that it was considered quite the right thing to do to go and lunch upon the coach of the—th Light Dragoons, and that not to be permitted to partake of food of any kind at the expense of the hospitable and light-hearted officers of that popular regiment was looked upon as a kind of slur upon a woman's popularity and powers of attraction.

She heard some of the ladies telling how they had been specially invited to lunch on the coach; others said that they had been asked to tea; whilst some, less highly favored by fortune, sat sulky and said nothing.

Miss Maitland instantly made up her mind that, stranger though she was, she would not end the day without finding herself installed upon the box seat of that regimental coach.

When Laurie came back to her, full of satisfactory news concerning Decision, she cut short his racing confidences by informing him that she desired him to get an invitation for her to lunch upon the coach of the —th Dragoons. But Laurie did not see his way to it.

"I know only one man in the —th, Lucille—a young chap called Danman—I saw him in the paddock just now; but I can't very well ask him so early in the day. Besides, just look at the women swarming up on the coach already! Why, all the best places are taken! You would not like to be stuffed in at the back where you could see nothing!"

"And where nobody could see me. Not perhaps you are right."

"Moreover, I have just ordered a nice little hot lunch, and secured a table in the luncheon room behind the stand. Come along, let us have some food at once before the first race!"

Lucille graciously acceded to this proposition, and soon did ample justice to hot cutlets and a bottle of excellent champagne.

"All the same," she said to Laurie, as she beamed upon him across the little table, "I mean to be on that box seat before the day is over! If I can see Decision run from there I shall be satisfied."

Laurie promised to see what could be done; and, after luncheon, when they adjourned to the paddock, he managed to introduce his companion to Mr. Danman, the young subaltern in the —th with whom he was slightly acquainted, and at whom Lucille smiled so sweetly that he lost his heart at once, and, being deeply struck with her beauty and graciousness, forthwith pressed her to go over to the coach for refreshment.

"Perhaps I will come by-and-by; but you must promise me the box-seat," she said playfully, "or else I will not come at all!"

And Mr. Danman undertook that it should be kept for her.

And now the saddling-bell rang, and the jockeys were soon mounted and trotted leisurely out of the paddock towards the course.

Every one rushed back to his or her place; and Lucille, with Laurie at her side, resumed her seat in the grand stand.

Laurie's horse, which had been originally entered for two races—the second and the last—had, by the advice of the knowing ones, been withdrawn from the second race in order to reserve his strength and make a certainty of the last. Laurie had therefore no anxiety on his mind during the first part of the day, and could afford to enjoy Lucille's society without an after-thought.

The eager and excited crowd of faces on either side of the course, the gay colors of the jockeys, and the sleek coats of the horses as they shot by made up a very charming and lively picture. Lucille and Laurie exchanged little friendly bets with each other—which Lucille generally won—between every race.

They went into the paddock, inspected the last winner, and walked scrutinizingly round the prospective favorite. Laurie frequently nodded to some friend or acquaintance, who looked admiringly and a little curiously at his beautiful companion; but Lucille thought it fortunate that she did not happen to know anybody.

At last she became anxious to secure the much envied place upon the regimental coach upon which she had set her heart. Laurie, who was backing his own horse somewhat heavily for the last race, had gone into the ring; and when he returned to his seat in the stand, Lucille said to him—

"Now take me over to that coach, Laurie. If I get up there, you will then be able to leave me and attend to your betting; and I shall not mind your going away one bit."

"I was just going to tell you," answered the young man seriously, "that I really think you had better not go across to the coach. I find that there is a man here called Hepburn who is a great friend of Deverell's. I met him in the betting-ring a moment ago, and he asked me if I had seen Deverell lately, and when he was going to be married. Does he know you by sight?"

"I was introduced to Colonel Hepburn a long time ago—I dare say he will not recollect me. I think I will risk it anyhow."

"I think you had better not. He is staying as a guest with the regiment. He is certain to see you if you are in such a conspicuous place."

"What a coward you are, Laurie! I am not going to stick in this stupid stand all day, where I am lost in a crowd of women and nobody can see me! I tell you I mean to see Decision run from that box-seat! Hang Colonel Hepburn! Take me across at once!"

Very soon Miss Maitland had her heart's desire, and found herself installed in the much coveted seat of honor, where she was the cynosure of all admiring eyes.

The officers of the —th Light Dragoons vied with each other in making themselves agreeable to the beautiful and well-dressed guest whom Mr. Danman had just introduced to them.

They plied her with hot coffee and delicious cream-cakes, and with curious seductive liquors calculated to warm the blood on a wintery afternoon; and they wrapped her feet in fur rugs and found cushions for her back, supplied her with the latest tips, and stood chattering round her on every available seat and step and wheel, wherever a man's body could manage to cling, for she was the most beautiful woman who had ascended their coach during the day.

Lucille was very happy indeed. She liked flattery and she liked admiration—this was by far the nicest part of the day to her.

All these men whose names she had hardly caught were really much more interesting to her than poor Laurie, of whom she had been getting rather tired. He was becoming very anxious about his race; and a little feeling of jealousy came over him too when he saw how completely she could overlook him amid this crowd of strangers.

An ubiquitous and well-known personage who went by the name of "Squash" was singing what were called "side splitting" comic songs beneath the coach. The listeners were all laughing very heartily at his jokes—Lucille much louder than any one.

When the song was over, she looked round and could not see Laurie anywhere. He had slipped away quietly and gone back to the stand.

It was at that moment that her eyes suddenly met those of a handsome soldierly-looking gentleman with a gray moustache who stood close below her. He raised his hat to her.

"How do you do, Miss Maitland? Do you remember me? My name is Hepburn. Sir Adrian Deverell introduced me to you two years ago. By-the-way, is Deverell down here to-day?"

Lucille colored vividly with vexation, and murmured a scarcely intelligible reply to the effect that Sir Adrian Deverell was in Scotland.

"In Scotland is he? Oh! I hope he is well? And how did you come here to day? Are you staying in the neighborhood?"

Luckily at that moment the horses cantered past, and Lucille pretended not to hear the inconvenient questions.

"Oh, which is Decision?" she cried to the young officer by her side on the box. "Please show him to me! Blue and white stripes and cap, isn't he? Oh, here he comes! How handsome he looks! Do you think he will really win?"

"A foregone conclusion, I should say, Miss Maitland," answered her neighbor, who was looking earnestly through his glasses at the beautiful dark chestnut horse as he sped by with long swinging strides. "They have been making a hot favorite of him. I hope you are fortunate enough to have backed him. The price is too long for me!"

Lucille replied modestly that she stood to win a couple of sovereigns. When she glanced down towards her left again, Colonel Hepburn, to her intense relief, had moved away.

There was a long pause after the horses had gone to the starting-point. One of them was refractory and refused to start. Every eye was strained to the far away corner, now getting a little indistinct in the afternoon light, where the small knot of racers were clustered together behind the white flag of the starter. Murmurs arose on all sides—

"They are off! No, a false start—the flag hasn't fallen!" "Redcap turns round again!" "Now they are in line! No, that brute won't start!"

This sort of thing went on for some time, and even Lucille, gazing through her race-glasses as earnestly as the rest, began to feel her heart beat with the tension of suspense.

At length a great shout arose, "They are off—they are off!" The bell rang, and a sudden hush fell upon the eager and expectant crowd.

Decision came on steadily and well, keeping a good third over his first three fences, and then clearing the water-jump so significantly that he came up neck to neck with the second horse, who pecked slightly on landing beyond it.

A long weedy-looking bay animal was now leading easily; his pace was splendid, but it was a question whether he would be able to keep it up twice round the race course.

"Kingfisher!" shouted the crowd of roughs below the coach as the bay horse galloped past first.

At the cry Lucille turned nervously and anxiously to the man beside her; but he shook his head.

"Not a chance!" he muttered. "He won't stay the course; it lies between Topthorn and Decision."

And between Topthorn and Decision the race soon proved itself to be; for the bay could not keep it up for long, and at the very next hurdle he stumbled, lost ground, and came to the front no more. Topthorn was a magnificent galloper, but he blundered a little over his jumps; still when the horses turned the corner again and were on a straight line for the winning-post, Topthorn was leading easily and Decision was a good half-length behind him.

Lucille felt a little uncomfortably; for she knew that Laurie had backed his own horse for considerably more than he could afford to lose, and that he hoped to win something like four thousand pounds. The crowd was shouting, "Topthorn wins!"

But the man again reassured her.

"The favorite will pull it off yet. Topthorn looks distressed, but Decision is coming as straight as a dart for it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOBBY—"Say, Mister, have you rented your rooms, yet?" Elder Sister—"Hush, Bobby; you mustn't be so familiar." Mr. Solitaire—"Oh, let me amuse him. I am very fond of little boys. What rooms, my little man?" Bobby—"I dunno, but sis said the other day that you had rooms to let in your upper story, and——"

NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

BY SUSANNA J.

Not quite forgotten, though the years endeavor
To fling a veil between thy soul and mine;
Deep in my heart thy memory liveth ever;
By tears and smiles unalter'd is thy shrine.

Not quite forgotten, oh thou first and fairest
Of all my day-dreams! thou who yet must be
Trusted in longest and still loved the dearest,
Forgotten?—there is no such a word for thee!

No, not forgotten! for a chance resemblance,
A voice which rings as thine hath rung of old,
Will often bring thee back to my remembrance,
And re-produce the past a thousand fold.

Faint as the fragrance of a flower long-gather'd,
Such is the love I bear thee; and no sin
I count it, for its passion long since wither'd;
And now 'tis love with nought of earth therein.

Old Quin's Bank.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

ONE MORNING I WAS walking along the shore. The tide was ebbing, being already lower than I remembered it, leaving a broad stretch of glistening sand exposed. Projecting above the surface of the water were some timbers, and where they were left high and dry, curiosity led me to inspect them.

The beams were evidently very old; but being deeply embedded, I could not tell if they were part of some sunken vessel or the remains of a jetty.

Poking among the pebbles that were washed between them, I came to a cavity containing something round, which could be moved, but was too large to be easily withdrawn.

Setting to work with a piece of wood, I succeeded in clearing away the seaweed and stones which block up the hole, and at length dragged out a small barrel, strongly hooped with iron, and encrusted with limpet and mussel shells.

I carried the barrel to the beach, and seating myself in a cave proceeded to examine it. Forcing in one end with a heavy flint, I drew out an oil-skin bag—all the barrel contained.

Inside was a piece of soiled paper, on which the following words were scrawled in faded ink—

"We are driving on to the rocks with our rudder washed away. I, Thomas Quin, do commit this to the sea. Let whoever finds it take it to my daughter Dorothy at Shingle Bay. No time for more."

On the other side of the paper was a rough drawing, of which at first I could make nothing.

This Thomas Quin was one of the bygone heroes of whom the fishermen in my part of the coast were never tired of spinning yarns.

Quin had been very successful in his ventures; but on his last voyage home from France with a valuable cargo, his vessel must have foundered in a terrible storm, for nothing had since been heard of him.

This happened more than thirty years before. His wife, who was a cousin of my mother, had died giving birth to Dorothy; and the little girl, of whom Quin was passionately fond, was thus left alone in the world.

She, however, was taken care of by some good friends in the village, who brought her up; and in course of time she was married to a young farmer, with whom things did not prosper, and who came to an early death.

Dorothy Hendil was again left in an almost destitute condition, having now to support a little daughter. While in these straits, relief came in an unexpected manner.

One evening, a weather-beaten old sailor trudged into the village, and making straight for the cottage, burst in on Dorothy and threw his whole stock of money into her lap. The neighbors crowded round; and it at once became known that her only brother Ben, who had long been given up for dead had returned.

After that there was no more want, for Ben was in receipt of a pension; and buying a small boat, he added to his income by fishing. My greatest delight was to visit my cousins and go out with Ben in his little craft.

I was almost as often at Shingle Bay as at home, and thus little Dorothy and I grew up together, and learnt to regard each other with more than cousinly affection. But I never mentioned the subject to my father, as I knew he would not allow me to marry a penniless girl.

These thoughts filled my mind as I sat pussling away at the drawing in my hand, and raised the hope that perhaps Quin—who, though known to be well off, had left no account of any savings—might have hidden away his money, and the paper might contain a clue to finding it. Hiding the barrel in a crevice of the cave, I made my way to my cousin's house.

Shingle Bay, for which I was bound, was a deep inlet, shut in with high cliffs; the village consisting of one straggling street, built on the narrow strip of ground at the foot of the hill.

A rough stone quay ran out into the sea, for the unloading of small vessels, which occasionally put in here, and protected the outlet of a little stream that ran plashing down from a deep glen.

As I went down the steep path I saw Ben Quin in his boat busy overhauling some fishing-tackle. On hearing my footsteps, he looked up and cried out in a lusty voice—

"Well, I'm downright glad to see you, George! I'm going to haul these new lines this morning. We'll go up to the Cottage and have a bit of something to eat before we start."

Ben was a short thickset man, with a square good-humored face, the color of mahogany; and although getting on in years, was pretty well as sturdy as ever. We walked up the village, and soon came to the little thatched cottage, and entering its creeper-covered porch, were warmly greeted by Mrs. Hendil and Dorothy.

I told the story of finding the paper, and they all crowded round me as I took it out; Dorothy leaning over my shoulder in her eagerness, read it aloud.

Her mother was greatly affected on hearing this last message from the sea, while Ben had to clear his throat a good many times before he could recover his composure.

When they had got over the excitement, I asked them if they could make anything out of the rough drawing on the back of the paper; but after carefully examining it, they came to the conclusion it was some old chart which had been used in the hurry of the moment.

It represented an irregular oval, with the cardinal points marked, in the south-east part of which was a curious arrangement of five circles, the middle one being larger than the others.

We sat discussing the discovery, speculating on the strange event so long that the fishing expedition was quite put on one side.

"I well remember," said Mrs. Hendil, "that on the night in which father went on his last voyage, he promised me he would give up the sea when he came back. 'I'm getting too old for the work, Dolly,' he said, as I sat on his knee before going to bed; 'and besides, it's a risky business. If this run is successful, I've made up my mind to retire from the trade altogether. Anyway, I've laid up a snug nest for you, my pretty—it's in a bank,' I remember he added with a laugh. Dorothy and I have searched over his papers again and again, but have found nothing relating to any savings, so I never could quite make out what he meant.

Dorothy's mother sat looking sadly into the fire for a long time, during which none of us ventured to break the silence.

As I did not wish to be late in getting home, I was soon obliged to say good-bye; and on my way out came across a hunking young fellow, who seemed to be hanging about the cottage.

He slunk off on seeing me, but not before I recognized him to be Will Jackson, the son of a coastguardman stationed at the lower end of our village. He was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who had been one voyage, but finding the work too hard at sea, preferred idling about at home.

That night I dreamed that Old Quin visited me and caused me to accompany him over the hills; but what his object was I could not make out, for I awoke just as he seemed to be on the eve of disclosing something that was weighing heavily on his spirits.

Though I courted sleep again, in the hope of taking up the broken thread of my dream, I was doomed to disappointment. After this, I employed my leisure in rambling along the cliffs with a copy of the chart in my hand, trying to find anything at all resembling it in which to search. Two or three years, however, passed away without any discovery being made, and I had come to regard the whole thing as almost hopeless.

One afternoon, Ben Quin and I had rowed inshore after a successful day's fishing, and hauled the boat up the beach of a little unfrequented bay called Flint Gap.

As we had been hard at work in the sun and were tired and hot, we seated ourselves on a flat rock in the shadow of the cliffs, and after refreshing ourselves, sat talking at our ease.

Of late, I had relaxed my investigations but some remark of Ben's made me take out my copy of the chart, and the sight of this called to mind the barrel which I had hidden away.

The cave was not far off. Telling Ben I would not be long, I started up, and running over the sand, soon returned with the barrel. I took out the oilskin bag, and on carefully examining it, was surprised to find that it contained an inner pocket. In this was a piece of parchment which had escaped my notice before.

To my great joy, it proved be a more elaborate drawing of the chart or plan scrawled on the paper, with some written directions besides. Ben sat looking on in wonder, when I shouted:

"It's all right, Ben. We'll find your father's treasure; it's as plain as a pikestaff here. You'll be all rich now——"

"Whist!" said Ben at that instant, putting his finger to his lips. "I believe there's some one listening in the gap up above. It'll be uncommon awkward if you're overheard."

Thrusting the plan into my breast-pocket, I ran lightly up the steep narrow path and caught a glimpse of a man hurrying away. Though it was only a glance, it brought my heart into my mouth, for the man was young Jackson, who had some time before gone back to sea.

He looked back on gaining the top, and seeing me following, he turned round and grumbled out in a half-sulky way:

"Well, how you startled me, to be sure, by rushing up so sudden-like."

I looked at him without speaking, as he went on:

"I think you might give a poor shipwrecked fellow a heartier welcome, though we didn't use to be friends over yonder," jerking his thumb towards Shingle Bay.—"I've been through a deal of rough weather since then, and don't bear no ill-will. Let bygones be bygones, say I."

From the shuffling manner in which he spoke, I felt sure he had been watching us and had overheard my incautious remarks; however, as there was no help for that now, I cut him short, and turning abruptly away, hurried back to Ben.

Throwing the keg into the boat, in a few minutes we had her afloat, and rowed off round a projecting mass of rock where we were quite out of sight and hearing from above.

"I hope that sneaking scoundrel didn't hear all, Ben," said I as we rested on our oars. "It's lucky he betrayed his whereabouts before I had gone any further; so let us hope there's no great harm done, after all."

"What's done can't be helped," quoth Ben philosophically. "But, as you haven't told me yet what you've found out, I can't give an opinion."

"Well, Ben, you remember that your sister said her father told her he had a snug nest put away in a bank, but that she could find no account of any money. This set me thinking, and I came to the conclusion that the paper I at first found in the keg referred to this money, which most likely had been hidden away. The drawing on this parchment makes me pretty nearly sure that if there is anything at all, it's in Dane's Camp. What I've got to do is to hit upon the exact spot."

Ben had been looking intently at me while I was explaining, and now gave vent to his feelings in a long whistle.

"From what father said to Dolly—and he wasn't the man to make a joke—it's sartin he'd put by something; and, to my mind, these charts were not drawn for nothing. But after all these years, it's likely it may have been found out; still it's worth trying; and if we can light on the place and get the money, we'll manage to fetch it away safe enough, I warrant."

Next morning at daybreak I was out; and taking my way over the fields, wet and heavy with dew, came to the headland that rose in a bold sweep from the level land below.

Right ahead, looking near in the brightness that now overspread the sky, but in reality some three miles away, appeared the low dark lines which marked the ancient bank of Dane's Camp. Going on at a rather brisk pace, I soon got over the intervening ground, and climbing the crumbling old earthwork, commenced my search.

Though broken down in some places, and overgrown with dense patches of gorse and fern and the graceful trailing boughs of the bramble, the old ditch and bank retained much of their original form; the space enclosed being roughly square, three sides were entrenched, the fourth being the sheer edge of the cliff, which here rose to a great height.

Commencing at the nearest corner, I walked round the top, the parchment in my hand, and reached the farthest extremity of the camp. I was unable to discover anything that corresponded to the plan, which consisted of an oval with the points of the compass shown.

At the south-east part were four circles, enclosing a larger one marked with a cross, while an arrow pointed to the south indicated fifty yards.

I looked carefully for any object from which to measure fifty paces; but what had seemed simple on first seeing the drawing, appeared hopeless in practice now.

I sat on the bank, trying to get over my disappointment, and, to amuse myself, began rolling pieces of flint down the hill, watching as they bounded away till they were stopped by the furze bushes that fringed the path beneath.

Having exhausted all the stones within reach, I tried to unearth a large flint which protruded from the turf, but found it a hard job, till, exerting all my strength, it came out at last, and slipping from my grasp, rolled down the steep slope and crashed into the bushes.

At that moment I heard a footstep coming towards me, and was turning round to see who it was, when, in the hole from which I pulled the stone, I spied a gold coin, and had just time to snatch it, when a scrambling noise caused me to close my fingers upon it, and the next instant the unwelcome form of young Jackson stood over me.

"Hillo!" said he, with what was meant to be an arch smile; "you're taking the air early this morning, shipmet."

Prudently overcoming a strong desire to send him headlong down the hill, I took no notice of his pleasantry, but, getting up, commenced to walk homeward.

I hoped Jackson would take the hint, and not trouble me with his presence; but it suited him to accompany me; and as I could not very well shake him off, I had to put the best face possible on the matter. All this time I had kept the gold piece in my hand, not daring to look at it, and on the first opportunity I quietly slipped it into my pocket.

We walked on silently for some time, when Jackson broke out with:

"I had such a rum dream last night; I thought I was digging for a pot of money some one had hid in the ground. After working for a long spell, I finds it, when up comes and calls out 'Halves!'—'All right,' said I; 'that's all fair and square.' So we parts the lot between us."

There was a pause at this, and then I rather awkwardly remarked—

"What of that? It was only a dream."

"Suppose," said he, looking sideways at me, 'you was to find anything, and I was to come along, of course you'd do the same, eh?"—putting on a simple and friendly look.

"As it isn't very likely such a thing will happen, I don't see the good talking about it," I was forced to say.

"Now, look here," said he, changing his manner and speaking in a bullying tone. "I hear you and Quin the other day talking on the beach down yonder about the paper you found and what you expected it meant. My old grandad was a mate of Quin's father in many a run of goods, and he often said the old man had stowed away a rich cargo, which ain't seen the light since, I reckon. If you like to take me as pardner, well and good; if not, look out, for you'll come off all the worse, I can tell you."

I was infuriated with this; for it did not strike me at first that Jackson pretended to know more than he really did.

As I did not answer, Jackson gave me another threat, and then dropped behind, but followed me home at a distance.

After breakfast, as there was nothing to keep me at home, I got leave from my father to stop for a night or two at my cousin's.

Jackson was not in sight when I got out again, not expecting me so soon, I suppose; so I quickly gained the hill-top, and after walking some distance, sat down where there was no fear of being overlooked, and taking out the coin, proceeded to examine it carefully.

It was as big as two of our guineas and as it had a hole bored through it, had evidently been used as a charm. On one side were scratched the letters T. Quin.

Hastily getting up, I started at a run, and did not stop till I came to the place where I had found it. The bank on this part was thickly covered with bushes, and now I noticed for the first time that they almost hid a low mound.

I made out its shape to be oval; and turning my face to the south, I took fifty long paces, which brought me to a large moss covered stone, which did not rise above the level of the ground, so that I had

not noticed it before.

A huge bush overshadowed the place where I had discovered the coin, and this proved to be at the south-east part of the oval mound corresponding to the positions of the five circles in the chart. It struck me that old Quin must have dropped the gold piece while working at this spot.

All excitement, I pushed on as fast as I could to Shingle Bay, and found Ben at home. Taking him aside into the garden, I told him of my discovery, and showed him the coin, which he had remembered having seen his father wear.

When I spoke of what Jackson had told me, he looked rather grave; but brightening up after a bit, said he had a plan to deceive him. Lighting his pipe, and seeming to be greatly amused thereby, he went into details.

"Now, as that young scamp guesses so much about this affair, it's my opinion the best way will be to get the treasure, whatever it be, to-night. We can smuggle a pickax and shovel down to the boat in an old sail when it falls dark. Young Jackson is sure to be along this way after you; and if you keep indoors until the evening, he'll most like be hanging about all day. When we go out in the boat, he'll think there's something in the wind; and as he won't have the pluck, for all his stoutness, to tackle us by himself, he's almost sure to go back and get the help of that precious cousin of his. The moon will be up by the time we land the tools and are ready to work; so, all things considered, it'll go hard with us if we can't be the first in."

We followed closely Ben's programme; and, as he predicted, Jackson was to be seen watching us; and as soon as we were afloat, he hurried away in the direction of his home.

With the tools on our shoulders, we leaped on shore at the gap, and making our boat fast, we toiled up the steep path, and came to the camp just as the moon appeared over the hill; and by its light we set to work with all speed.

We cleared away the earth under the bush, and had made a good-sized hole, when the pick struck with such force against a stone as almost to overturn Ben, who was wielding it.

"There's a rock or something as hard here, George," said he ruefully, rubbing his arm and resting his back against the bank.

I shovelled away for dear life, and throwing out a lot of loose earth, laid bare a large boulder.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Ben. "I was afraid I'd struck a solid cliff."

With the aid of a crowbar we prised the stone, and dragging it out, disclosed a bundle of dry ferns and heather; and eagerly removing this, we found a snug nest with five kegs lying in it.

"Stop a bit," said Ben. "A little more light won't be amiss."

He stooped down and lit a lantern under cover of the bush. By it we could see the barrels were arranged in the same order as the circles in the chart.

Ben dragged out the first, and giving it a shake, declared it to be full of *French* brandy; another proved to be similar. He then laid hold of the middle keg, but found it so heavy that he could not move it.

"Hillo!" said he, in an excited whisper; "this is the one worth taking care of! From the weight, it must be gold. We must get it out of this before Jackson returns, for I've an idea he won't be long."

We dug a trench through the bank, and so were able to roll out the heavy keg. This took some time, for now the moon was mounting up the sky.

Happening to look over the camp, I could distinguish two dark forms making towards us. Seeing there was not a moment to lose, I quietly told Ben they were coming, and with his help, forced the keg over the edge, and sent it rolling swiftly down the slope where I had amused myself that morning. I heard it crash through the bushes at the bottom, and then all was still.

Whispering to Ben, I replaced the two brandy barrels, and shovelled back a lot of the earth, managing this so quickly, that when Jackson and his cousin came upon us, all trace of the barrels had disappeared. We went on digging as if we were not aware of their presence until they jumped down the bank.

"So you're caught, my fine fellow," said Jackson, commencing to scrape away at the loose earth, and in a little time dragging out one of the kegs. "As my father's substitute, I order you in the name of the law, to hand over these 'ere smuggled goods."

Ben roundly refused, but afterwards, on my entreaty, consented to the arrangement. The other kegs were dragged out; and the two men continued to dig deeper, but found nothing more, seeming to have no suspicion of the trick we had played; for each at length shouldered a barrel and trudged off silently the way they had come.

We waited until they were out of sight; then getting our precious keg into a strong basket, and placing some fish on the top to conceal it, we landed at the quay, and carried it between us, with some difficulty, to the cottage.

We said nothing till after breakfast, and then, with bolted doors, we forced in the head of the barrel, disclosing to our wondering eyes a glittering mass of gold pieces, which when emptied out on to the floor made a perfect hillock of guineas. When we recovered our breath, we counted the treasure; but I am afraid to tell how much we made it, lest my veracity should be doubted.

The neighbors were very curious to know the cause of my cousins' sudden rise in the world; and though young Jackson never heard anything about the fifth keg, yet he evidently in some way connected my cousins' prosperity to Danes' Camp.

A CHAT WITH A CHIROMANT.

AFTER AN interview with a Graphologist or student of character from hand-writing whose theories, I have since tested and found satisfactory, I ventured to put myself in communication with a professor of Chiromancy, or Palmistry, with a view to gather from him some facts concerning that popular, so-called, science. I may add that I went as a sceptic. I had no ideas and had no prejudices concerning Palmistry when I first entered upon the consideration of it.

The servant ushered me into a nicely furnished room, in which the Palmist was seated writing, and I at once opened my business.

"There is no quackery in it at all," said he, in reply to my dubious question. "Many people term Palmistry 'fortune telling.' It is nothing of the kind. Chiromancy is simply a deduction of character of events, in consequence of interpreting certain lines and signs of the human hand."

"Then," said I, "do you mean to tell me that by looking at my hand—my palm, perhaps—you can tell my disposition and my tastes?"

"It is not necessary to look at your palm for that. I can see you have tastes in art; are practically inclined: obstinate, impulsive, a tendency to sentimentality in life and in religion. You have an excellent ear for music, and dance well in time. You love melody in music in preference to the classic style. You are generous, quick tempered, rather plucky: chatty, proud, fond of amusement: have plenty of tact, and an inquiring mind!"

"This is ridiculous," was my reply; "you have studied my character from some private source!"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you," was the Palmist's answer. "I can give you reasons presently. But are you aware of any secret, any love affair, for instance, in your life—any event which I could not have possibly have heard of?"

"There is one incident which I think it impossible that you could have heard of. You might have been told of an engagement, but one thing I am sure you cannot know."

"Well, let me see your palm this time, and if I mention that incident you will accept my assurance, upon honor, that I have no knowledge of you, and you will perhaps believe in Palmistry. Now let me see. You were a delicate child; had weak eyes in your youth; at about four years old you had a fall on your head, which affected you for a while."

I started: the Palmist stopped and said—

"Have I hurt your feelings?"

"No, you have only surprised me. The incident you would not have known was that fall. It was from a loft when I was about four and a half."

"Then you are satisfied I am not an impositor?" he said smiling. "Shall I proceed to tell you that you are rather a flirt, have a too easy-going manner of doing business, and are likely to be taken in! You are too trusting. Your younger days were happy. You went into a business about nineteen; changed it at about thirty-one; and as your imagination is vivid, and your Head Line connected with it, you are I venture to say, a writer of imaginative literature. You are rather irresolute; at times obstinate, though: have had bad headaches, many worries, and you are decidedly a favorite with the opposite sex!"

"I give it up!" was my reply; "you are correct—wonderfully correct! It is marvellous! But how do you know all this?"

"By observation and practice. I am only an amateur, not a 'professional' of this dangerous art—dangerous in unskilled hands—and seldom I predicate anything for fear of alarming people."

"Then you can foretell events?"

"Probable events. Many times my prediction have come true. I can refer you to the people if you like to make inquiries. Predictions which I have made and forgotten have been recalled to me by the people concerned, or by friends who have noted the case and remembered the prediction when it was fulfilled."

"Then you can prognosticate death?"

"Within certain limits, yes. We can tell within a few years (a couple or three years) when a person will die if he or she goes on as they are likely to go on. I have done so truly. It is so with illness also. We can tell So-and-So, if he will not mend his ways or give up hard work, he will suffer; of course, he will accept the offer and alter too. It is perfectly true! Watch your own lines, and you will see the changes plainly. Some accidents one cannot avoid: fall s or some such. I remember warning an officer of injury to his head 'at about forty.' He laughed and assured me that he was just forty and had no such accident. 'He would have it,' I said; and in three months after he had a bad fall playing 'polo,' and sent home word to tell me I had been correct."

"Astonishing!" I exclaimed; "but how is it done? What are the indications?"

"They are many and varied. Some fingers are pointed, some square, some flattened, some rounded. These mean, respectively, the dreamy-artistic, the useful, the energetic, and the artistically inclined, with reflection and usefulness, roughly speaking. Each joint gives character: the top joint idealism, the next usefulness, and the third energy. (The divine, the intellectual, and the worldly.) Thick-jointed fingers are the typical of the 'love of good living.' The third joint is the sensual one. And so on."

"But how could you tell that I had a fall?" I asked.

"By the little white indentation on your Line of Life (which runs round your thumb). You were a shy, nervous child, and fond of reading; you see those lines do not separate very soon. Those cross lines means delicacy, and the eyes were weak. That line running across your hand under the fingers and nearest to them is your Heart Line. It is rather broken: you are affectionate. It is cut into and throws out other lines beneath it: you have had some serious flirtations and at least two engagements to be married."

"Well, am I married now?"

"You are; you married at about nine and twenty, after an engagement which lasted some time—a year or more. You have had five children—or six, perhaps—there they are, you see one is faintly shown. They are chiefly boys; the girls are less strongly marked; two girls, I should say, are alive: Your Fate Line, which runs up the centre of your hand there, tells me you changed your occupation at certain times. You will have trouble and worry, I fear, in later life, and delicate health if you are not careful."

So saying, the Chiromant rose and said, after a pause.

"You see, there are lines on every body's palms not always alike; no two pairs of hands are exactly alike! Your own hands differ; the right hand shows the shaping of the life by your own will: the left the 'natural fate' of its owner. An illness mark on the right hand is indicative of illness consequent on our own tastes or folly. If on the left it is probably hereditary, or unavoidable. If on both, very severe and dangerous."

"I am afraid I have trespassed on your time very much," I began as the Palmist paused.

"Well, I'm sorry I cannot spare time to give you more reasons. Study the lines on your hands. Consult a manual of Palmistry and look at other people's hands. They will tell you a great deal, and 'the hands never lie.' You may be in error. The owners may deny the soft impeachment, or the hard impeachment, but the signs are there, and cannot be effaced. They are written in indelible characters, and unless the characters change, the marks will be more and more accentuated. Good-day!"

With this I was forced to be content. But the Palmist was correct in his interpretations, in this as well as in a subsequent interview.

HAPPY it were for all of us if we bore prosperity as well and as wisely as we bear adverse fortune.

Scientific and Useful.

INDIA-RUBBER SPONGE.—A new kind of sponge has been invented, made from India rubber. The imitation is said to be perfect in appearance, but softer than real sponge, and its power of absorption greater.

TO STOP A BLEEDING WOUND.—It is known at the hospitals that the perchloride of iron immediately arrests bleeding. Paper saturated with the perchloride of iron is now generally sold by the Parisian druggists. As a plaster, a piece of it wrapped round a cut finger, or put on a larger wound, stops blood instantly.

SULPHURIC ETHER.—A Corsican doctor, has, is is asserted, constructed a motive apparatus or propeller of twenty-horse power, which is worked by sulphuric ether, a result which the doctor anticipates will realise a saving of 65 per cent. of the combustible material at present employed for setting machinery in motion.

FOR COLOGNE WATER.—The following formula for cologne water won the prize offered by a London firm among over two hundred competitors: Essence of bergamot, 2 drachms; essence of lemon, 1 drachm; oil of neroli, 20 drops; oil of organum, 6 drops; oil of rosemary, 20 drops; alcohol, treble-distilled, 1 pint; orange-flower water, 1 ounce.

TO LOOSEN A RUSTED SCREW.—One of the simplest and readiest ways of loosening a rusted screw, is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for two or three minutes to the head of the rusty screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render the latter's withdrawal as easy by the screw driver as if the screw had only recently been inserted.

FLOORING TILES AND SLABS.—The immense accumulation of refuse in the slate quarries has induced an inventor to convert it into paving tiles and other useful articles. The slate, with a certain proportion of river sand and pitch, all reduced to powder, is heated by steam, then poured into moulds of the form required, and subjected to hydraulic pressure. The tiles or slabs are then cooled in water, and the upper surfaces ground smooth if required.

Farm and Garden.

BUTTER.—An expert says if butter be broken when cold the broken parts should resemble the broken parts of cast-iron or steel, and also the same of rock formations.

HONEST FRUIT.—Whenever you find a man's name on a package of fruit that is invariably honestly packed, that name will be worth a good deal of money to its owner.

SUN AND LIGHT.—House plants should have as much sun and light during the winter months as possible; admit air whenever the temperature is not too cold, say 40 degrees Fahrenheit in the open air.

CORNSTALKS.—Do not throw the cornstalks away, but pass them through a cutter and use them in the manure heap as absorbents, so as to allow them to quickly decompose. If they are tender, cut them and feed them to the stock.

PERIOD OF HATCHING.—As a general rule, for the hatching of chickens 21 days are required; for partridges, 24 days; for pheasants, 25 days; for guinea hens, 25 days; for common ducks, 28 days; for pea fowls, 28 days; for turkeys, 28 days; for barbary ducks, 30 days, and for geese, 30 days.

LIQUIDS AND SOLIDS.—To save manure properly means to save both liquids and solids. When the liquids are lost the most valuable constituents of fertility pass away with it. Nearly all farmers are careful to save the solid portions, but quite a number take no interest in the care of the liquids. The use of some kind of absorbent, and the frequent saturation of the solids with the liquids will not only prevent loss but also improve the condition of the solid portions.

FEED LOTS.—A feed lot is too small that compels animals to eat from the filth. A small lot with a feeding floor will answer the purpose much better than a larger one without a floor. The soil part of the small lot may be covered with straw or other litter to the comfort of the hogs and the profit of the owner. Exercise in working this over is of great benefit to the hogs, and makes a valuable lot of manure for the farmer's use.

"I CAN'T imagine how you can dislike work; to me it's real enjoyment," said the father to his lazy son. "Yes, pa," was the guileless response; "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to any person who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the splendid steel engraving of "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN," which we have described in the past issues of the POST, or the beautiful chromo entitled "THE LOVE" and "THE CHILDREN." That the pictures of which we speak are worthy of such a premium is evidenced by the fact that the original of the first named "Christ Blessing Little Children" represents a young artist dressed in the doublet of ever great Raphael and grandmother, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The attitude is pleasing and the artist who the spirit of the picture is depicting has made considerable attention. Responding to the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Love," the angel has risen and has a most divine look. Both pictures are worthy of any and in the spirit that has prompted the gift of the Christ-child to a young lady friend who has the same spirit she seeks, and wishes to have them. Under it says: "Real picture calls to our mind accordingly, and each in the one and acquaintance of the other. Pictures, books or no, make pictures for the communion of a family or sitting room have come from the hands of an artist.

Remember we want either "Christ Before Pilate," or the "The Splendid Companion Photographs with "Love" and "The Children," all postage paid, to any subscriber, who sends in $2.00 to THE POST one year.

Bowing and Bragging.

We are as we choose our woes, and we wear as we are. We cannot change the substance of our husbandry, and we the conditions of the times.

Even good and worthy things cease to worth, abundance and stability in the ways it comes to us are what is to situation is what spurring the goal by the sun, or thistle grow in it.

From our lucid inhabitation a subconscious Christ we guide to grapes, to the wine which makes glad the heart of man, to oil which cast down, heavenward weights, to man, to all children,) bread.

We read as we live, as in poverty or world, our mind, the exhibition loses. I we read as we live, we generate as we read.

I will depend on ourselves whether we fill our hours with enduring riches or with that we will certainly use surpassing matter—whether we choose for us vanishing treat or fabulous.

Some of the words in falsehood, a lie. They are worthy and more authentic than the truths, but the pity of it is, these falsehoods are like the leaves which Rahoosh made to look like gold—like the false one between one shatters a delight into by which the Algonquin rabbit beguiles the unwise.

These bags of quibble with were by glittering shoddy the world-dream, vendors who sell us, at home, manhood, for that gain, dress, honor, ease, pleasure, and wear—the insanity of sins as yours, with knowledge, but a the beguiler, unless, we hold that we have made ourselves, and shadowy powers which, the seemingly broke and the trick of the false metal and the disguised disgrace was discovered.

So with our own lives. We choose such and such a path—such and such a manner of being, and as time passes and the seed ripens into the fruit, we find by unalterable experience what is to be our enduring possession.

The riot and dissipation of youth, for example, has a harvesting for old age not of the most inviting character.

Time lost, and with time, health and money and more or less of repute, leave gaps in the soul's palace through which the keen winds whistle and rave.

From pride and a haughty temper, assuming to itself the kingship of men, comes isolation but not supremacy. This is the garnering got from that self-sown plant of personal glorification.

He to whom sympathy with others is an unworthy condescension, who demands homage rather than love, and whose pride brooks neither contradiction nor remonstrance, is one who must be content to live without true affection and to die without real regret, but he is not necessarily compensated by the reality of the superiority he has so strenuously believed in. Perhaps at the end of all he learns his mistake.

Cognate with this is generalized ill nature—of uncharitableness which are constantly slandering, of rudeness which is mine consciousness, of speech which are ingratitude, of commerce which are treachery.

This too, is the kind of thing that obtains in the world, and wherever the pro- herein are associated good company and an unlike choice guests.

Superstitions which hitherto had been ex- ploded, now smeared and soiled by the nasty fingers of the husbandmen of the nations, lie on the track, as defaced statues and broken columns mark the track of a hostile force.

Diseased notions turned the other way round, and the light destroyed so that the angels shall shove and the filth and hol- lows be revealed; persons, characteristics dark with in the same way and a host of evil, shown to exist where is nothing but a harmless blamelessness; a charming pallid to please, and not a mark ink belonging to it, friends laughed at when they are not displayed, and the whole living drama turned up like an mind train from bitter enemies, confidences half revealed, and the vow left to the exaggeration of the imagi- nation—this is a little corner of that great field which the congenitally ill-natured plough, sow and harrow.

And the harvest? Well, the harvest is one of universe, suspicion, of unconcealed distrust, a quite shrinking from dangerous association.

The climb fear him, the lynx condemn him the trust, dislike his drabbiness as have the kindly feel his native as it were the sting of a scorpion—the fang of a serpent.

Even those who laugh with him when he laughs at others, fight shy of him for that, even intimacy, and his diversions simply fill his barn with evil fruit which a neighbor does not heartily.

He reaps as he sows. He sows ill nature and he reaps repulsion. He sows suspicion and intolerable slander, and he reaps fear and condemnation.

He sows ungratitude, duplicity treachery, and he reaps the human crops of those who do not wear their hearts under their hats, and whose lives are simple as that words are true.

The Indian expression of the "gall in grass in the spittle, description of those behind back slanderers, ridiculers, satirists.

Yes, we read as we live. I we are kind, are frank, loyally and unfeignedness, sincerity and generosity we shall read of the like and our harvest will overflow with the love and esteem of our fellows, home or in by the golden shall a true and serious.

I recognize the reverse we shall reap accordingly and all up will the in disturb- ance, the dissensions, the hate, enmity a, misery and the aberrations, trials, of harm.

Some regard as idle, calls, "mere," by those with whom they truth, because they inquire better and what will be the charge life, value of work, understand. To re- ing a thinking, that is a perfect legiti- mate one inquiry, even when made by persons with foul minds. Why should they a eye one-ide, often re- membrance to- gether, and the whole is a picture of the man.

Rewards and Recognitions.

We are as we choose our woes, and we wear as we are. We cannot change the substance of our husbandry, and we the conditions of the times.

Even good and worthy things cease to worth, abundance and stability in the ways it comes to us are what is to situation is what spurring the goal by the sun, or thistle grow in it.

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extortion by pursuing the opposite course; or open the door for endless petty disputes on points differently understood by the same parties? It has a very suspicious look when a person is unwilling to come to plain terms in a business matter.

THE instant the head is laid on the pillow is that in which conscience delivers its de- crees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns. The softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with one's pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tran quil, as after a day on which one has per- formed some good act, or when one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show us the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and we will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor even heard of a lexicon.

If you would be free from sin, fly temp tation; he that does not endeavor to avoid the one, cannot expect Providence to de fend him from the other. If the first sparks of ill were quenched, there would be no flame; for how can he kill who dares not be angry, or be an adulterer in act, that does not transgress in desire? How can he be perjured who fears an oath; or he defraud that does not allow himself to covet?

It is a common and favorite notion with many people that the morning air is the purest, most bracing; but the very oppo site is the fact. The air is more full of dampness, fog, miasm, at about sunrise, which the sun, however, soon dissipates. Before engaging in anything like exercise or work in the early morning out of doors, it is conducive to health to take a warm cup o coffee, if breakfast is not to be had.

EVERY duty, even the least, involves the whole principle of obedience; and little duties make the will control that it is sup ple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of profitable and discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. The com monest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the mat turer of Heaven.

RESPONSIBILITY is all the greater because we are left to assess ourselves. The bank form is sent to us, and left to our honor to fill up. Do not tamper with the paper, but remember there is a recording officer who will examine your schedule, who knows all about your possession. Do as you who know received something from the Lord, are bound to do.

Poor Dr. Dodd, when at Franklin, wish ed to hear a noble famous preacher. The latter consented to preach before the Court, having ascended the pulpit, he said, with solemnity and dignity. Think well speak well, die well. Amen.

Thankfulness is a source alone in shal nuts; and if it be not freely laid to reach, them will ever also be a weak spot in the foundation.

Man was a restraining to wolf as you walking toward. The good shall is pervade with sunbeam as well as walk.

To embrace the whole unknown with love sounds beautiful, but we must begin with the individual, the nearest.

Reviews, work, cost, what encouragement, is far less trying to patience than tolerated pleasure.

To some persons it is less dangerous to do them hurt than to do them too much good.

Sincere enough are not wrong, but they shall learn to know, but as it does seem.

The World's Happenings.

A Pennsylvania baby has been born and named "La Grippe."

Infant burglars to the number of a dozen are now awaiting trial in New York.

According to the "American Art Printer" there are 128,000 printers in the United States.

A lad of 18 in Bay Shore, L. I., has be- come violently insane through the excessive use of cigarettes.

Of all the aliens who took out letters of naturalization in England last year only three were Americans.

Chief Justice Fuller's old tin sign is still tacked to the staircase leading to his old office in Chicago.

After New York dinners now the guests sing or speak into the phonograph and hear their own voices returned from it.

A lad named Simons is the pride of Santa Cruz county, California. He is 17 years old, stands 6 feet 1½ inches high, and weighs 200 pounds.

A colored man named Redick, of Bridge- water, this State, claims to be 113 years old. He en- joys good health and does chores for a living.

Mrs E. E. Page, of St. Louis, gave birth last Friday to four well-developed female babies, all of whom are alive and give fair promise of surviving.

Prince T. K y Kubah Mirza, who is a first cousin of the Shah of Persia, has been sent to Siberia by the Russian Government for distributing base money.

Near Virginia City, Nev., the other night an unlucky yearling colt meandered into a snow drift and stuck fast. Then some lucky coyotes came along and had supper.

A London paper tells of a dog which, having run away from its new master, traveled 60 miles over an unknown country to its old home, arrived there the day after starting.

A post mortem examination revealed in the stomach of a valuable bull terrier that died sud- denly in Revere, Mass., several yards of string, burned matches and a cigarette holder.

Chicag pyjamas recently laid bare the spinal column of a boy and removed a clot of blood and now believe that he will recover from the effects of a stroke of paralysis, which he suffered Christmas Day.

In Mexico people distrust a young phy- sician until he has had a couple of years practice. Then they make an inventory of his patients, and if he has cured more than he has killed they recognize him.

A Cincinnati man who has preserved a record of his suffered accidents happenings in this country in the past year. Ends that only thirteen out of the 100 accidents that causes injured human control.

Think of four pears weighing twenty pounds and three others seven—the pounds; a peach fourteen inches ring, and peaches twelve to fifteen inches in circumference. These are products of San Augusta, Cal.

While Mr. and Mrs. Jacob B. emberg were celebrating their wedding in Chicago the other night Mrs. Rosenberg, who had seemed in the best of health and spirits, fell suddenly into the arms of her husband, and died almost immediately.

Verdict of a coroner's jury in Delaware county, N. Y.: "We find that Emil Gassert came to his death through the influence of liquor and carelessness on his part and while lying on West hammond track, and therefore exon- erate the Company from blame."

A boy New-nineteenth in Allegheny City, by his persistent knocking, a night or two ago, aroused his mother, who, looking out of a window, discovered a large building near by in flames. The occupants of the burning structure were notified, and had barely time to make their escape.

The oldest known tree in all new be has stood in the highest Botanic Garden at St. Petersburg. It was brought six years ago sapling, the city to Kamtschatka Peninsula in the north of a long pilgrimage to recover many thousand miles of the winter which had been encountered by the missionaries.

A child born in West Manchester, N. H., lately looked more like a human being. It had no head, and the general outline were not very accurate, looking as to dried sausages. The arms and hands were formed, precisely like those of a frog. It had a double spinal and three sacral arteries.

Henry James Lambert, of Piermont, N. Y., is the name of the young Englishman who has returned to America for the purpose of securing a pub- lic-school engineering course. His purpose in coming to this new problem, and he thinks that examination will not be absorbing and enlightening the injured boys.

A Northboro (Mass.) farmer named Ethan Wheeler, having a presentiment that the summer weather would extend far into the autumn dried a whole season's crop of corn, and subsequently sold it at a handsome profit to Bridgeport. The latter shows with a cold spell, the farmer's hay was exhausted and he was obliged to buy corn for his cattle.

A new right-up Thomas Jones, of Pre- scott, Ont., has a live alligator in captivity. Brothers- in-law, having been driven across the river and took the creature in charge for the summer, and a passing visit, Jones exclaimed, the next minute there was a splash in the water, and the huge beast, a large, was the unfortunate alligator.

A new device of the familiar Georgia type is to throw over the shoulder a fishing rod with a pole and line attached. The contents of which, and, when a suspicious looking man goes under the shadow of the steeples to guide a distance a-coming. It is said that this superstition has been known to attack even the most skeptical.

A Kansas parson, of the world for churches [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A WISH.

BY ALPHEUS BOLLING.

Shall I wish for you, sweet friend,
That the rose of beauty fair,
Now mantling on your cheek,
Shall bloom forever there?

Be yours a life of virtue rare,
All free from pain and woe,
Attended by the purest joys
The human heart can know.

And when life's pilgrimage is o'er,
All earthly ties are riven,
I then would earnest ask for you
A brighter home in Heaven.

There, there amid the pearly streets
And shining courts above,
Fore'er attune your golden lyre
In songs of joy and love.

Two to a Quarrel.

BY PHYLLIS.

IT had been an ideal marriage! Everybody had been delighted with it; and occurring as it did just at the close of last season, had been considered a very fitting wind up to it. Both the principal actors in the fashionable drama had hosts of friends, and the general rejoicings over the happy event had been, therefore, not only loud, but deep.

Lady Flora Travers was an orphan, young, lovely, lively—a little too lively perhaps—and an heiress into the bargain, on quite a grand scale. Sir Frederick Blount was an orphan too, young, handsome and quite abominately rich for a man whose heart had gone out to an heiress; and there hadn't been the slightest doubt about the amount of heart thrown into the affair; two people so utterly and entirely in love had seldom (every one agreed) been seen.

It was the most deliciously romantic thing all through. Society was charmed. There wasn't a flaw in the little piece anywhere. It ran with a beatific smoothness; and Sir Frederick was so charming. Just a soupcon of temper perhaps: but after all, what then—one must have something.

Belgravia was indeed in raptures! Unaccustomed to see the saucy little god Love striding victoriously amongst its crowds, it at once opened its arms to him and gave him quite an ovation.

They blessed Sir Frederick and Lady Flora for the fresh sensation they had given it. It was absolutely unique all through, a perfect innovation. There had been sad cases of young people, who, wickedly desirous of marking out a path for themselves, had entered on it, crying aloud that silly old line, "All for love and the world well lost," as a sort of defiance, but they had been very justly thrust out of sight and speedily forgotten.

But here was a triumph, love and common sense hand in hand. An ideal marriage indeed! With nothing in it to provoke the wrath of guardians, or throw cold water on the warm congratulations of friends, or prevent the giving way to sentimental remarks on the beauty of love unadulterated—love pure and simple—and untouched by mercenary motives. It was as though a touch of Arcadia had fallen into Vanity Fair, and brightened all things by its freshness.

The sun had shone gaily on the marriage morning. What else could it do? cried the enthusiasts. The bride smiled through her tears, the bridegroom was the very personification of hope fulfilled. It was the prettiest pageant possible. As the happy pair drove away beneath a shower of rice, everybody told everybody else that for once in a way one might be sure that years of unbroken joy lay before them.

And everybody was wrong!

Scarcely three months had elapsed when society was electrified by the news that Sir Frederic and Lady Blount had separated, "by mutual consent." Incompatibility of temper, said some; jealousy on both sides, said others, and neither was far wide of the mark.

Sir Frederic, it must be confessed, had been somewhat wild in the earlier years of his life. He had sown several crops of the most unprofitable oats. His amusements had hardly been sans reproche, and some kind friends had hinted as much to the young bride.

Since his marriage, since his engagement indeed, he had run perfectly straight, but this the kind friends had forgotten to hint. She grew first horrified, then disgusted, then a little reckless. She was so young that the very suspicion of the evil that the world holds locked in its tired bosom was unknown to her. She began with a determination not to care, to be revenged.

This resulted in his scouring her of a flirtation with a man whom secretly she abhorred. It was an opening, and she seized upon it, letting loose on him all the floodgates of wrath and wounded pride and miserable disappointment that had been consuming her.

Recriminations grew furious. What had been called liveliness of disposition grew into decided temper, and before any honest friends could interfere, the devoted bride and bridegroom of three months ago had parted with the sworn determination on both sides never to see each other again.

The charming home in Gloucestershire—The Firs—was broken up. Sir Frederic went one way, Lady Flora another. When cross-examined by tearful relatives they both raged and stormed, and grew so vague and excitable that in the end no one could quite understand how such a terrible situation could have arisen out of what was seemingly a trivial affair.

"It is the most absurd case I ever heard of," says Mrs. Wylde to Lady Maria Walton with a shrug of her dainty shoulders. Both are friends of the Blounts, but Lady Maria is something more. She is a first cousin of Sir Frederic's on his mother's side, and a thirty-first cousin of Lady Flora's on her father's side. As men always carry the day, her sympathies are more or less for Sir Frederic, though she is an open admirer of Lady Flora's, who, indeed, can be specially charming when she likes.

Lady Maria is a tall, able-bodied woman with no nonsense about her (unless we except her kindly heart), and a strength of mind that renders her the terror of her acquaintances. With her a spade is indeed a spade, and she calls it so; but that she is a thoroughly honest-hearted and good natured woman au fond, nobody would dream of disputing.

"Absurd to a fault," says she now, a good deal of annoyance in her tone.

"What can they both be thinking of?" A more wanton throwing away of happiness is unknown."

"Well, you see, she thinks one thing, he another."

"Of course we all know they had tempers. But that they should come to such loggerheads, and all for nothing! She can't really believe that story."

"She says she does. She persists in believing. No harm talking about it," says Lady Maria rather savagely, "and all the world seems up in the ridiculous tale."

"Yes, such a bore!"

"We are quite aware that Frederic had—er—you know—well, his thoughtless moments when a bachelor—and—er——"

"I know; they all do," says Mrs. Wylde with feeling, and a gentle flourish of her hands.

"Quite so," sympathetically. "Well, you know the story, don't you? Frederic had to go up to town very frequently after his marriage, strictly on business about that Alderly estate (though nothing can convince her of that now), and then he met Captain Stannard—you've met him——"

"Oh, yes! Horrid man!"

"Well, he induced him to run down with him to Richmond to one of those abominable little dinners, you know."

"I know," with increasing feeling.

"And there was an actress there. Most respectable young woman, I've learned since, though it's of no use to learn anything nowadays—people believe just what they like. But at all events, Drewry was her name and Flora heard of it—the dinner (when he was supposed to be at his lawyer's), the name of the actress, everything."

"But how?"

"Why, through Mrs. Fane, of course. You know Violet; always troublesome. Felt it her duty, she said, to warn poor dear Flora of the way her husband was going on, and so destroyed the happiness of two nice young people. Really, I haven't patience with her."

"No bigger flirt in town than Violet," says Mrs. Wylde with disgust. "Tried her hand on Sir Frederic, I know for a fact, and finding herself thoroughly out of it, determined, I conclude, to be revenged on him. Paltry, I call it!"

"Well, she has won her case," says Lady Maria with a sigh. "She told poor Flora not only that, but a good deal more. She poisoned her mind in many ways, mentioning things about Frederic's bachelor life that should not have been told to a young creature like Flora."

"She was always a dangerous person in spite of, or rather, because of her seraphic countenance. She looks like an angel and feels like a——"

"No, no, come now, my dear girl," interrupts Lady Maria hastily, who is very downright about earthly matters, but rather shrinks from tackling those of the other world. "No good in swearing. The end is before us. No use in quarrelling with fate. Flora cut up very rough at first, drove Frederic away from her——"

"And is now apparently quite happy. I saw her at the Desparde' last week, and she was the life of the party."

"She is not happy for all that. She is only wearing herself out in a mad endeavor to appear so."

"I dare say; and all for nothing. For one thing, it is a pity that nobody can undeceive her about that actress. I'm sure Sir Frederic never went to Richmond to meet her or any other woman."

"He went simply because time hung heavily on his hands and he couldn't go home because he had an appointment at his lawyer's for eleven o'clock the next morning. But Flora believes the worst. She goes about now calling him 'that man'—such bad taste! But she was too young a girl to be married to a young man, with her ideas of independence and her temper."

"Sir Frederic has a temper, too."

"True, true; yet to me they seemed matched by heaven itself, and I am thoroughly downhearted about the whole affair. What's that?" starting.

"A knock at the door. Fresh visitors."

"Flora's knock, surely."

"Is it? Well I'm off," says Mrs. Wylde, rising. "She will have a dozen things to say to you, and I should be in the way. Good-bye."

A minute or two afterwards the door reopens to admit a very lovely vision. Such a pretty young woman! A small, slight, lovely creature, with big gray eyes and masses of nut-brown hair. Her nose is little, a very little retrousse, and her mouth, if sweet when the owner of it is pleased, is distinctly suggestive of mutiny when the owner may be out of temper.

"Oh, Maria," cries she, precipitating herself into Lady Maria's arms, "what a blessing to find you by yourself! I've such a lot of things to say to you."

"Have you, dear? Then sit down here, near me. About," with prophetic instinct that is hardly of the first order, "Sir Frederic?"

"About him! Not likely!" with great show of indignation.

"About what, then?" says Lady Maria with seeming curiosity. Lady Maria knows her. It is surely Sir Frederic or nothing that has brought her. "Take off your furs, and pull your chair up to the fire. Now then for your news."

"Oh, well, I must warm myself first," temporizing. "There is so much, you see, to tell, that I—— By the bye, as you mentioned that man, you may as well tell me if you have seen him lately."

"Quite lately. Yesterday in fact."

"Ah." Eloquent silence. "How is he looking?"

"Pretty well. Pale perhaps, if anything. A little dejected; I can't suppose he is happy."

"Can't you?" scornfully. "I can. He has obtained his beloved liberty again; that counts with a man."

"With some men perhaps. You are looking pale too, dear," ignoring her outburst, "A little rest would be good for you. Why not come down to the country with me for Christmas? So quiet. Not a soul! I shan't ask any one to the Beeches this year."

"I should like it, but—you are so close to my—his house—that—I should hate to go."

"You needn't be afraid of meeting him there. He is going abroad almost directly."

"Eh?" starting violently.

"Yes, abroad."

"But where?"

"Italy."

"Italy! Why Italy? What on earth is taking him to Italy?" She rises abruptly and walks over to the window as though repose is impossible to her. "Who is going with him?" asks she at last in quite a dreadful tone.

"I haven't asked him," returns Lady Maria coldly.

"You showed your sense. It is that woman, of course!"

"What woman?" lolly.

"Oh, you know! That actress, Drewry!"

"Really, Flora," says Lady Maria with very righteous anger, "I must request you will not talk to me like this."

"Why not? You aren't deaf to the world, I suppose. You aren't deaf, dumb, or blind. You are a reasonable person; you must see for yourself how things go."

"I may not be blind; but you are, and most wilfully so. That woman, as you call her, is a most respectable person, and is about to be married to a solicitor in very good practice. I have made minute inquiries, and I firmly believe that Frederic knows as much about her as he does of the solar system, and you know how ignorant he is about that! Professor——"

"Not a bit more ignorant than any one else," interrupts Lady Flora tartly.

"That's what you think, my dear. Nonsense, Flora; I have questioned him about Miss Drewry, and he doesn't so much as admire her. He told me she had high shoulders, and a mouth from ear to ear."

"And you were taken in by that! Why that's the oldest trick of all. When men fall in love where they ought not, they always describe the woman to their friends as 'not much to look at, you know,' or something like that. Really, Maria, with your experience you ought to know something."

This allusion to her age very naturally incenses Lady Maria.

"And you, with your experience, of course, know everything," says she with withering contempt. "My good child, if I were you, I——"

"What's that?" says Lady Flora suddenly, half rising from her chair and glancing nervously at the door. The sound of a loud knock at the hall door is clanging through the house. "Maria! His knock!"

"Well, what of it? Why not stay and see him, Flora? I am sure if you both met you——"

"Me! Do you think I should stay for one moment in the room with that man? No! I shall go in here," moving towards a door at the end of the room that leads to a smaller apartment beyond, "until he chooses to bring his visit to an end. I have still a good deal to say to you."

She has hardly had time to gain her city of refuge when the servant ushers into the drawing-room Sir Frederic Blount.

"Thought I heard voices," says he suspiciously, when he has greeted Lady Maria.

"Well, so you did," says she a little impatiently, not being in the best of tempers.

"Ah! Lady Blount?"

"Yes."

"H'm. In there now?" pointing to opposite door.

"I daresay." A pause.

"How is she looking?" demands Sir Frederic, after a perceptible struggle with his dignity,

"Very lovely indeed; but pale, I think. Why on earth, Frederic, don't you try to make it up with her?"

"With her! You must be mad, Maria! What! when she wilfully sought a quarrel with me, and openly insulted me! Look here, I loved her as my own soul, and she deliberately separated herself from me."

"Yet I think she is very unhappy."

"A woman without a heart is never unhappy."

"Really, Frederic, I do think you are unjust. She——"

"I'm done with her. Don't let us discuss her any further. She can go her way. I can go mine for the future."

"I don't see where she is to go at all events. A woman in her equivocal position is always in the wrong."

"It is her own doing. She evidently found life dull with me, and very cleverly sought and found a road out of her difficulty."

"Still you must care about her welfare."

"I don't," doggedly.

"I give you credit for better feeling than that; so I will tell you that she is coming down with me to Gloucestershire for Christmas. She will be therefore within a mile or two of her—your—home."

"A hint to me to keep away," with a bitter laugh. "Don't be frightened! I am going abroad, as you know."

"I am sorry about that. I had hoped ——"

"Hope nothing where we two are concerned; all is over and done with." He pauses, looks out of the window and then comes back to Lady Maria. "She—she has plenty of money, at all events," says he with a frown that is meant to prevent anybody from thinking that his question contains any gentle concern for her.

"Plenty, I should say."

"You blame me, Maria," says the young man suddenly, "You think I should give in and explain, and condone the fact that she has maligned me most cruelly; but that is not all. She flirted most disgracefully with a hideous little brute of a hussar last time we were at a ball together, and ——"

"I know all about that. She says it was only because she was so disgusted with your behavior," says Lady Maria. "You are a pair of babies; you ought to be taken in hand by some firm person, and compelled to behave yourselves."

"Oh! she says that, does she?" wrathfully: "Well, I don't care what she says. Anyhow, I shan't keep her in durance vile any longer," taking up his hat. "Some other day I may be fortunate enough to

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Sowing and Reaping.

We sow as we choose our seed, and we reap as we sow. We cannot change the substance of our husbandry, and as the seedtime so the harvest.

Good grain and careful tillage ensure us wealth, abundance and stability in the years to come; but our tares yield us no stretches of wheat ripening into gold by the sun, our thistles give us no figs.

From our lavish plantation of poisonous thorns we gather no grapes for the wine which makes glad the heart of man; of our wild-oats flung broadcast we grind no meal for our children's bread.

We reap as we sow; and no power on earth can touch the appointed issue. If we reap as we sow, we garner as we reap.

It all depends on ourselves whether we fill our barns with enduring riches or pile them up with perishing and corrupting matter—whether we choose for our possession truth or falsehood.

Some of us prefer the falsehoods of life. They are prettier and more seductive than the truths; but the pity of it is these falsehoods are like the leaves which Rubezahl made to look like solid gold—like the pleasant bowers and platters of dainty food by which the Algonquin rabbit beguiled the weasel.

Those heaps of golden coin were but glittering cheats to the weak-kneed peasant who had sold his honest manhood for their gain; those bowers of rest and pleasantness were but mounds of dust set round with briars and burr to the beguiled weasel; and both man and beast woke to hurt and shame and sorrow when the morning broke and the trick of the false metal and the disguised disgrace was discovered.

So with our own lives. We choose such and such a path—such and such a manner of being, and as time passes and the seed ripens into the fruit, we find by unalterable experience what is to be our enduring possession.

The riot and dissipation of youth, for example, has a harvesting for old age not of the most inviting character.

Time lost, and with time, health and money and more or less of repute, leave gaps in the soul's palace through which the keen winds whistle and rave.

From pride and a haughty temper, assuming to itself the kingship of men, comes isolation but not supremacy. This is the garnering got from that self-sown plant of personal glorification.

He to whom sympathy with others is an unworthy condescension, who demands homage rather than love, and whose pride brooks neither contradiction nor remonstrance, is one who must be content to live without true affection and to die without real regret; but he is not necessarily compensated by the reality of the superiority he has so strenuously believed in. Perhaps at the end of all he learns his mistake.

Cognate with this is generalized ill-nature—of insinuations which are essentially slanderous, of ridicule which is false presentation, of sneers which are ingratitude, of comments which are treachery.

This, too, is the kind of thing that obtains in the world, and whereof the proficients are accounted good company and amusing dinner guests.

Reputations which hitherto had been unsullied, now smeared and soiled by the sooty fingers of this husbandman of ill-nature, lie on his track, as defaced statues and broken columns mark the track of a hostile force.

Innocent actions turned the other way round, and the light distorted so that the angles shall show and the hills and hollows be reversed; personal characteristics dealt with in the same way, and a fund of evil shown to exist where is nothing but a harmless idiosyncracy: a character pulled to pieces, and not a merit left belonging to it; friends laughed at when they are not traduced, and the whole living drama tossed up like so much foam from bitter waters; confidences half revealed, and the rest left to the exaggeration of the imagination—this is a little corner of that cruel field which the congenitally ill-natured plough, sow and harrow.

And the harvest? Well, the harvest is one of universal suspicion, of unconcealed distrust, of quiet shrinking from dangerous association.

The timid fear him; the loyal condemn him; the frank dislike his doubleness of face; the kindly feel his satire as it were the sting of a scorpion—the fang of a serpent.

Even those who laugh with him when he laughs at others, fight shy of him for their own intimacy, and his 'cleverness' simply fills his barns with arid dust where is neither food nor beauty.

He reaps as he sows. He sows ill nature and he reaps repulsion. He sows sarcasm and insinuated slander, and he reaps fear and condemnation.

He sows ingratitude, duplicity, treachery, and he reaps the honest scorn of those who do not wear two faces under one hood, and whose lives are single as their words are true.

The Indian expression of the 'split tongue, is the rightful description of these behind-back slanderers, ridiculers, satirists.

Yes; we reap as we sow. If we sow faith and truth, loyalty and uprightness, sincerity and sympathy, we shall reap of the like, and our barns will overflow with the love and esteem of our fellows, bound to us by the golden chain of trust and esteem.

If we sow the reverse we shall reap accordingly, and old age will find us dishonored and discsteemed, the noted enemy of many and the cherished friend of none.

SOME people are often called "mean" by those with whom they trade, because they inquire beforehand what will be the charge for a piece of work undertaken. To our way of thinking this is a perfectly legitimate and proper inquiry, even when made by persons with full purses. Why should they, or any one else, offer a premium for extortion by pursuing the opposite course; or open the door for endless petty disputes on points differently understood by the same parties? It has a very suspicious look when a person is unwilling to come to plain terms in a business matter.

THE instant the head is laid on the pillow is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns. The softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with one's pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day on which one has performed some good act, or when one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show us the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and we will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor even heard of a lexicon.

IF you would be free from sin, fly temptation; he that does not endeavor to avoid the one, cannot expect Providence to defend him from the other. If the first sparks of ill were quenched, there would be no flame; for how can he kill who dares not be angry, or be an adulterer in act, that does not transgress in desire? How can he be perjured who fears an oath; or he defraud that does not allow himself to covet?

It is a common and favorite notion with many people that the morning air is the purest, most bracing; but the very opposite is the fact. The air is more full of dampness, fog, miasm, at about sunrise, which the sun, however, soon dissipates. Before engaging in anything like exercise or work in the early morning out of doors, it is conducive to health to take a warm cup of coffee, if breakfast is not to be had.

EVERY duty, even the least, involves the whole principle of obedience; and little duties make the will dutiful, that it is supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of Heaven.

RESPONSIBILITY is all the greater because we are left to assess ourselves. The blank form is sent to us, and left to our honor to fill up. Do not tamper with the paper, for remember there is a recruiting officer who will examine your schedule, who knows all about your possession. Do as you, who have received everything from the Lord, are bound to do.

PETER the Great, when at Ziardam, wished to hear a rather famous preacher. The latter consented to preach before the Czar. Having ascended the pulpit, he said, with solemnity and dignity, "Think well, speak well, and act well. Amen."

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

Men want a restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

To embrace the whole universe with love sounds beautiful; but we must begin with the individual, the nearest.

Avowed work, even when uncongenial is far less trying to patience than feigned pleasure.

To most persons it is less dangerous to do them hurt than to do them too much good.

SIN and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

The World's Happenings.

A Pennsylvania baby has been born and named "La Grippe."

Infant burglars to the number of a dozen are now awaiting trial in New York.

According to the "American Art Printer" there are 125,000 printers in the United States.

A lad of 18 in Bay Shore, L. I., has become violently insane through the excessive use of cigarettes.

Of all the aliens who took out letters of naturalization in England last year only three were Americans.

Chief Justice Fuller's old tin sign is still tacked to the staircase leading to his old office in Chicago.

After New York dinners now the guests sing or speak into the phonograph and hear their own voices returned from it.

A lad named Simons in the pride of Santa Cruz county, California. He is 17 years old, stands 6 feet 3½ inches high, and weighs 200 pounds.

A colored man named Redick, of Bridgewater, this State, claims to be 112 years old. He enjoys good health and does chores for a living.

Mrs E. E. Page, of St. Louis, gave birth last Friday to four well-developed female babies, all of whom are alive and give fair promise of surviving.

Prince T. K y Kubah Mirza, who is a first cousin of the Shah of Persia, has been sent to Siberia by the Russian Government for distributing base money.

Near Virginia City, Nev., the other night an unlucky yearling colt floundered into a snow drift and stuck fast. Then some lucky coyotes came along and had supper.

A London paper tells of a dog which, having run away from its new master, traveled 50 miles over an unknown country to its old home, arrived there the day after starting.

A post mortem examination revealed in the stomach of a valuable bull terrier that died suddenly in Revere, Mass., several yards of string, burned matches and a cigarette holder.

Chicago physicians recently laid bare the spinal column of a boy and removed a clot of blood and now believe that he will recover from the effects of a stroke of paralysis, which he suffered Christmas Day.

In Mexico people distrust a young physician until he has had a couple of years practice. Then they make an inventory of his patients, and if he has cured more than he has killed they recognize him.

A Cincinnati man who has preserved a record of 300 railroad accidents happening in this country in the past year, finds that only thirteen out of the lot occurred from causes beyond human control.

Think of four pears weighing twenty pounds and three onions twenty-one pounds; a potato fourteen inches long, and peaches twelve to fifteen inches in circumference. These are products of Los Angeles, Cal.

While Mr and Mrs. Jacob Rosenberg were celebrating their silver wedding in Chicago the other night, Mrs. Rosenberg, who had seemed in the best of health and spirits, fell suddenly into the arms of her husband, and died almost immediately.

Verdict of a coroner's jury in Delaware county, N. Y.: "The jury finds that deceased came to his death through the influence of Liquor and carelessness on his part and while lying on West bounded track, and killed by train No. 1, exonerating the Company from blame."

A big Newfoundland in Allegheny City, by his persistent barking, a night or two ago, aroused his master, who, looking out of a window, discovered a large building close by in flames. The occupants of the burning structure were notified, and had barely time to make their escape.

The oldest lawsuit on record is now being tried in the highest Russian Court at St. Petersburg. It was brought 500 years ago against the city of Kamenez-Podolsk by the heirs of a dead nobleman to recover many thousand acres of his estate which had been confiscated by the municipality.

A child born in West Manchester, N H., lately, looked more like a frog than a human being. "It had no neck, and the eyes of which there were six were so located as to look skyward. The arms and hands were formed precisely like those of a frog. It had a double spine, and died soon after birth."

Henry James Lambert, of Plattsmouth, Neb., is the name of the young Englishman who has written to Atlanta for the purpose of securing a full-blooded negress for a bride. His purpose is to solve the race problem, and he thinks miscegenation will do it by absorbing and extinguishing the colored race.

A Northfield (O.) farmer named Abner Greenleaf, having a premonition that the summer weather would extend far into the winter, tried a little experiment. He planted a number of hills of potatoes late in September. The tubers throve well, and on Christmas day the farmer's table was supplied with new potatoes from his own garden.

A few nights ago Farmer Jones, of Porterville, Cal., lost a fine sheep by coyotes. He thereupon turned into the field a drove of wild hogs, and left the carcass, in hopes the coyotes would pay a second visit. Sure enough, the next night three came for another feast, but the hogs took a hand, cornered the varmints and killed them.

A new story of the familiar Georgia type is to the effect that a resident of Elberton owns a pet goose that patrols his grounds all night, and, when a stranger approaches, sets up a noise that arouses all the sleepers for quite a distance around. It is added that this remarkable biped has been known to attack intruders and tear their clothing.

A Maine parson on the watch for chances to do good, went into a lumber camp near Washburn (Me.) on a recent Sunday and proposed to preach a sermon. The suggestion was enthusiastically received by the crew, who, after listening attentively to what the clergyman had to say, showed their appreciation of his thoughtfulness by presenting him with $25 50, the amount of a collection.

A WISH.

BY ALPHEUS BOLLING.

Shall I wish for you, sweet friend,
That the rose of beauty fair,
Now mantling on your cheek,
Shall bloom forever there?

Be yours a life of virtue rare,
All free from pain and woe,
Attended by the purest joys
The human heart can know.

And when life's pilgrimage is o'er,
All earthly ties are riven,
I then would earnest ask for you
A brighter home in Heaven.

There, there amid the pearly streets
And shining courts above,
Forte'er attune your golden lyre
In songs of joy and love.

Two to a Quarrel.

BY PHYLLIS.

IT had been an ideal marriage! Everybody had been delighted with it; and occurring as it did just at the close of last season, had been considered a very fitting wind up to it. Both the principal actors in the fashionable drama had hosts of friends, and the general rejoicings over the happy event had been, therefore, not only loud, but deep.

Lady Flora Travers was an orphan, young, lovely, lively—a little too lively perhaps—and an heiress into the bargain, on quite a grand scale. Sir Frederick Blount was an orphan too, young, handsome and quite abominately rich for a man whose heart had gone out to an heiress; and there hadn't been the slightest doubt about the amount of heart thrown into the affair; two people so utterly and entirely in love had seldom (every one agreed) been seen.

It was the most deliciously romantic thing all through. Society was charmed. There wasn't a flaw in the little piece anywhere. It ran with a beatific smoothness; and Sir Frederick was so charming. Just a soupcon of temper perhaps; but after all, what then—one must have something.

Belgravia was indeed in raptures! Unaccustomed to see the saucy little god Love striding victoriously amongst its crowds, it at once opened its arms to him and gave him quite an ovation.

They blessed Sir Frederick and Lady Flora for the fresh sensation they had given it. It was absolutely unique all through, a perfect innovation. There had been sad cases of young people, who, wickedly desirous of marking out a path for themselves, had entered on it, crying aloud that silly old line, "All for love and the world well lost," as a sort of defiance, but they had been very justly thrust out of sight and speedily forgotten.

But here was a triumph, love and common sense hand in hand. An ideal marriage indeed! With nothing in it to provoke the wrath of guardians, or throw cold water on the warm congratulations of friends, or prevent the giving way to sentimental remarks on the beauty of love unadulterated—love pure and simple—and untouched by mercenary motives. It was as though a touch of Arcadia had fallen into Vanity Fair, and brightened all things by its freshness.

The sun had shone gaily on the marriage morning. What else could it do? cried the enthusiasts. The bride smiled through her tears, the bridegroom was the very personification of hope fulfilled. It was the prettiest pageant possible. As the happy pair drove away beneath a shower of rice, everybody told everybody else that for once in a way one might be sure that years of unbroken joy lay before them.

And everybody was wrong!

Scarcely three months had elapsed when society was electrified by the news that Sir Frederic and Lady Blount had separated, "by mutual consent." Incompatibility of temper, said some; jealousy on both sides, said others, and neither was far wide of the mark.

Sir Frederic, it must be confessed, had been somewhat wild in the earlier years of his life. He had sown several crops of the most unprofitable oats. His amusements had hardly been sans reproche, and some kind friends had hinted as much to the young bride.

Since his marriage, since his engagement indeed, he had run perfectly straight, but this the kind friends had forgotten to hint. She grew first horrified, then disgusted, then a little reckless. She was so young that the very suspicion of the evil that the world holds locked in its tired bosom was unknown to her. She began with a determination not to care, to be revenged.

This resulted in his accusing her of a flirtation with a man whom secretly she abhorred. It was an opening, and she seized upon it, letting loose on him all the floodgates of wrath and wounded pride and miserable disappointment that had been consuming her.

Recriminations grew furious. What had been called liveliness of disposition grew into decided temper, and before any honest friends could interfere, the devoted bride and bridegroom of three months ago had parted with the sworn determination on both sides never to see each other again.

The charming home in Gloucestershire—The Firs—was broken up. Sir Frederic went one way, Lady Flora another. When cross-examined by tearful relatives they both raged and stormed, and grew so vague and excitable that in the end no one could quite understand how such a terrible situation could have arisen out of what was seemingly a trivial affair.

"It is the most absurd case I ever heard of," says Mrs. Wylde to Lady Maria Walton with a shrug of her dainty shoulders. Both are friends of the Blounts, but Lady Maria is something more. She is a first cousin of Sir Frederic's on his mother's side, and a thirty-first cousin of Lady Flora's on her father's side. As men always carry the day, her sympathies are more or less for Sir Frederic, though she is an open admirer of Lady Flora's, who, indeed, can be specially charming when she likes.

Lady Maria is a tall, able-bodied woman with no nonsense about her (unless we except her kindly heart), and a strength of mind that renders her the terror of her acquaintances. With her a spade is indeed a spade, and she calls it so; but that she is a thoroughly honest-hearted and good natured woman at fond, nobody would dream of disputing.

"A-surd to a fault," says she now, a good deal of annoyance in her tone.

"What can they both be thinking of?" A more wanton throwing away of happiness is unknown."

"Well, you see, she thinks one thing, he another."

"Of course we all knew they had tempers. But that they should come to such loggerheads, and all for nothing! She can't really believe that story."

"She says she does. She persists in believing. No harm talking about it," says Lady Maria rather savagely, "and all the world seems up in the ridiculous tale."

"Yes, such a bore!"

"We are quite aware that Frederic had—er—you know—well, his thoughtless moments when a bachelor—and—er——"

"I know; they all do," says Mrs. Wylde with feeling, and a gentle flourish of her hands.

"Quite so," sympathetically. "Well, you know the story, don't you? Frederic had to go up to town very frequently after his marriage, strictly on business about that Alderly estate (though nothing can convince her of that now), and then he met Captain Stannard—you've met him——"

"Oh, yes! Horrid man!"

"Well, he induced him to run down with him to Richmond to one of those abominable little dinners, you know."

"I know," with increasing feeling.

"And there was an actress there. Most respectable young woman, I've learned since, though it's of no use to learn anything nowadays—people believe just what they like. But at all events, Drewry was her name and Flora heard of it—the dinner (when he was supposed to be at his lawyer's), the name of the actress, everything."

"But how?"

"Why, through Mrs. Fane, of course. You know Violet; always troublesome. Felt it her duty, she said, to warn poor dear Flora of the way her husband was going on, and so destroyed the happiness of two nice young people. Really, I haven't patience with her."

"No bigger flirt in town than Violet," says Mrs. Wylde with disgust. "Tried her hand on Sir Frederic, I know for a fact, and finding herself thoroughly out of it, determined, I conclude, to be revenged on him. Paltry, I call it!"

"Well, she has won her case," says Lady Maria with a sigh. "She told poor Flora not only that, but a good deal more. She poisoned her mind in many ways, mentioning things about Frederic's bachelor life that should not have been told to a young creature like Flora."

"She was always a dangerous person in spite of, or rather, because of her seraphic countenance. She looks like an angel and feels like a——"

"No, no, come now, my dear girl," interrupts Lady Maria hastily, who is very downright about earthly matters, but rather shrinks from tackling those of the other world. "No good in swearing. The end is before us. No use in quarrelling with fate. Flora cut up very rough at first, drove Frederic away from her——"

"And is now apparently quite happy. I saw her at the Desparde' last week, and she was the life of the party."

"She is not happy for all that. She is only wearing herself out in a mad endeavor to appear so."

"I dare say; and all for nothing. For one thing, it is a pity that nobody can undeceive her about that actress. I'm sure Sir Frederic never went to Richmond to meet her or any other woman."

"He went simply because time hung heavily on his hands and he couldn't go home because he had an appointment at his lawyer's for eleven o'clock the next morning. But Flora believes the worst. She goes about now calling him 'that man'—such bad taste! But she was too young a girl to be married to a young man, with her ideas of independence and her temper."

"Sir Frederic has a temper, too."

"True, true; yet to me they seemed matched by heaven itself, and I am thoroughly downhearted about the whole affair. What's that?" starting.

"A knock at the door. Fresh visitors."

"Flora's knock, surely."

"Is it? Well I'm off," says Mrs. Wylde, rising. "She will have a dozen things to say to you, and I should be in the way. Good-bye."

A minute or two afterwards the door reopens to admit a very lovely vision. Such a pretty young woman! A small, slight, lovely creature, with big gray eyes and masses of nut-brown hair. Her nose is little, a very little retrousse, and her mouth, if sweet when the owner of it is pleased, is distinctly suggestive of mutiny when the owner may be out of temper.

"Oh, Maria," cries she, precipitating herself into Lady Maria's arms, "what a blessing to find you by yourself! I've such a lot of things to say to you."

"Have you, dear? Then sit down here, near me. About," with prophetic instinct that is hardly of the first order, "Sir Frederic?"

"About him! Not likely!" with great show of indignation.

"About what, then?" says Lady Maria with seeming curiosity. Lady Maria knows her. It is surely Sir Frederic or nothing that has brought her. "Take off your furs, and pull your chair up to the fire. Now then for your news."

"Oh, well, I must warm myself first," temporising. "There is so much, you see, to tell, that I—— By the bye, as you mentioned that man, you may as well tell me if you have seen him lately."

"Quite lately. Yesterday in fact."

"Ah." Eloquent silence. "How is he looking?"

"Pretty well. Pale perhaps, if anything. A little dejected; I can't suppose he is happy."

"Can't you?" scornfully. "I can. He has obtained his beloved liberty again; that counts with a man."

"With some men perhaps. You are looking pale too, dear," ignoring her outburst. "A little rest would be good for you. Why not come down to the country with me for Christmas? So quiet. Not a soul! I shan't ask any one to the Beeches this year."

"I should like it, but—you are so close to my—his house—that—I should hate to go."

"You needn't be afraid of meeting him there. He is going abroad almost directly."

"Eh!" starting violently.

"Yes, abroad."

"But where?"

"Italy."

"Italy! Why Italy? What on earth is taking him to Italy?" She rises abruptly and walks over to the window as though repose is impossible to her. "Who is going with him?" asks she at last in quite a dreadful tone.

"I haven't asked him," returns Lady Maria coldly.

"You showed your sense. It is that woman, of course!"

"What woman?" icily.

"Oh, you know! That actress, Drewry!"

"Really, Flora," says Lady Maria with very righteous anger, "I must request you will not talk to me like this."

"Why not? You aren't dead to the world, I suppose. You aren't deaf, dumb, or blind. You are a reasonable person; you must see for yourself how things go."

"I may not be blind; but you are, and most wilfully so. That woman, as you call her, is a most respectable person, and is about to be married to a solicitor in very good practice. I have made minute inquiries, and I firmly believe that Frederic knows as much about her as he does of the solar system, and you know how ignorant he is about that! Professor——"

"Not a bit more ignorant than any one else," interrupts Lady Flora tartly.

"That's what you think, my dear. Nonsense, Flora; I have questioned him about Miss Drewry, and he doesn't so much as admire her. He told me she had high shoulders, and a mouth from ear to ear."

"And you were taken in by that! Why that's the oldest trick of all. When men tell in love where they ought not, they always describe the woman to their friends as 'not much to look at, you know,' or something like that. Really, Maria, with your experience you ought to know something."

This allusion to her age very naturally incenses Lady Maria.

"And you, with your experience, of course, know everything," says she with withering contempt. "My good child, if I were you, I——"

"What's that?" says Lady Flora suddenly, half rising from her chair and glancing nervously at the door. The sound of a loud knock at the hall door is clanging through the house. "Maria! His knock!"

"Well, what of it? Why not stay and see him, Flora? I am sure if you both met you——"

"Met! Do you think I should stay for one moment in the room with that man? No! I shall go in here," moving towards a door at the end of the room that leads to a smaller apartment beyond, "until he chooses to bring his visit to an end. I have still a good deal to say to you."

She has hardly had time to gain her city of refuge when the servant ushers into the drawing-room Sir Frederic Blount.

"Thought I heard voices," says he suspiciously, when he has greeted Lady Maria.

"Well, so you did," says she a little impatiently, not being in the best of tempers.

"Ah! Lady Blount?"

"Yes."

"H'm. In there now?" pointing to opposite door.

"I daresay." A pause.

"How is she looking?" demands Sir Frederic, after a perceptible struggle with his dignity,

"Very lovely indeed; but pale, I think. Why on earth, Frederic, don't you try to make it up with her?"

"With her! You must be mad, Maria! What! when she wilfully sought a quarrel with me, and openly insulted me! Look here, I loved her as my own soul, and she deliberately separated herself from me."

"Yet I think she is very unhappy."

"A woman without a heart is never unhappy."

"Really, Frederic, I do think you are unjust. She——"

"I'm done with her. Don't let us discuss her any further. She can go her way, I can go mine for the future."

"I don't see where she is to go at all events. A woman in her equivocal position is always in the wrong."

"It is her own doing. She evidently found life dull with me, and very cleverly sought and found a road out of her difficulty."

"Still you must care about her welfare."

"I don't," doggedly.

"I give you credit for better feeling than that; so I will tell you that she is coming down with me to Gloucestershire for Christmas. She will be therefore within a mile or two of her—your—home."

"A hint to me to keep away," with a bitter laugh. "Don't be frightened! I am going abroad, as you know."

"I am sorry about that. I had hoped ——"

"Hope nothing where we two are concerned; all is over and done with." He pauses, looks out of the window and then comes back to Lady Maria. "She—she has plenty of money, at all events," says he with a frown that is meant to prevent anybody from thinking that his question contains any gentle concern for her.

"Plenty, I should say."

"You blame me, Maria," says the young man suddenly. "You think I should give in and explain, and condone the fact that she has maligned me most cruelly; but that is not all. She flirted most disgracefully with a hideous little brute of a hussar last time we were at a ball together, and ——"

"I know all about that. She says it was only because she was disgusted with your behavior," says Lady Maria. "You are a pair of babies; you ought to be taken in hand by some firm person, and compelled to behave yourselves."

"Oh! she says that, does she?" wrathfully: "Well, I don't care what she says. Anyhow, I shan't keep her in durance vile any longer," taking up his hat. "Some other day I may be fortunate enough to

find you at home without her."

Lady Maria, rather relieved, bids him a kindly adieu and goes instantly to the room that has harbored the fugitive. But where is she? And what is this awfully cold cutting air that assails her as she enters the apartment? What do the servants mean by opening the windows at this time of the year—and—Good heavens! are those Flora's feet?

It is all that can be seen of Flora at present, at all events. She has thrown up the sash of the window to its highest extent, and has thrown her body out of window with an amount of generosity that threatens to develop itself into unconscious suicide.

Lady Maria catching sight of her and her remarkable attitude, gives way to wild but secret mirth. All this to catch one fleeting glance at the back of his head!

"Flora! Flora!" cries she. "What on earth are you doing there?"

Her voice is shrill, and Flora, hearing it, scrambles back to her feet with crimson cheeks and a manner openly confused.

"My dear, if you had run down stairs to the library you could have seen him quite easily and without all this danger," says Lady Maria rather maliciously. "The slightest tip would have sent you into the area. How foolish! If I had known you so much wanted to catch a glimpse, I might have arranged something——I——"

"Nonsense! it was mere curiosity, nothing more," says Lady Flora with a stamp of her little foot. "How horrid you can be, Maria. Well," impetuously, "what did he say? Abusing me as usual, I suppose."

"He didn't spare you certainly; but he was just, I think."

"Thank you," angrily. "He was not only just, as you call it, but evidently in the highest spirits. I could hear his voice here—hateful voice. Well—er—and how is he looking now?"

Lady Maria gives way to sardonic mirth.

"Well?" says Lady Flora, regarding her with distinct distavor. "What have I said to make you laugh?"

"Not much. Only—that is just the first question he asked me about you."

"How rude of him!" flushing angrily. "And you? I hope you said I was never looking better."

"Yes. I said you were in robust health and didn't care a bit about anything connected with him, at all events."

"Oh, did you?" with a perceptible fall of the lovely face and an accent replete with disappointment.

"That was right, wasn't it?" says Lady Maria blandly.

"Quite right. Fancy his wanting to know how I looked! For why, I wonder?"

"Mere idle curiosity, my dear, of course—the same feeling that made you nearly throw yourself out of the window just now simply to catch a fleeting vision of the back of his detested head."

"If you think it was anything else!" hotly.

"I don't my dear girl, how could I?"

"And is it true he is going abroad?"

"Quite true. He starts next week, I fancy, so you are safe if you come to Gloucester with me for Christmas. In fact, I made it safe for you. I told him you were to be with me at that time."

"And he?"

"Said that alone would be sufficient to keep him out of the county."

"He said that!" She has risen to her feet and is looking very pale. She recovers herself, however, almost immediately. "I'm glad he has some sense of decency," says she haughtily.

* * * * * *

It is some weeks later and Christmas Day. Quite a correct Christmas Day, with snowflakes flying and evergreens so white as to belie their name, and icicles drooping from the bridge that spans the river that flows through Lady Maria's pretty domain.

Both she and Lady Flora had been to church in the morning, and had enjoyed a good lunch afterwards, and are now dozing with a prelence at reading before a fire that might have roasted an ox in the good old days when roasted oxen were.

Lady Maria has, indeed, so far given into the blandishments of Somnus that a gentle snore wakens the air around her, and Lady Flora roused by it, starts into a more upright position and a sudden knowledge that a manly footstep is rapidly approaching the small and cosy room in which they are sitting.

"Good heavens, Maria! Wake! wake! someone is coming. Oh! you told me he had gone to Italy and now——"

"Well, so he has," says Lady Maria, rubbing her eyes.

"He hasn't. He is here. He is coming up the stairs. Oh!" springing to her feet and looking distractedly around her, "where shall I go?"

"He is coming, sure enough," says Lady Maria, now wide awake. "Bless me, what liars men are. And he declared to me that——"

"Never mind anything. Think of me," cries Lady Flora, literally wringing her hands in front of her hostess, "I can't go out the door or I'll meet him face to face. Oh! why do they build rooms with only one mode of egress in them? If there had been another door I might——. I'm undone, Maria. But no," with a swift and happy thought; "that screen. Behind that I shall be secure—safe. And don't keep him long—and——"

"But my dear," gasps poor Lady Maria wildly, "he will probably say all sorts of things and you will be listening, and——; good gracious, it isn't fair. It will be dreadful."

"I shall put my fingers in my ears. Betray me at your peril!" cries Lady Flora in a dramatic whisper. The tail of her gown just disappears behind the tall Japanese screen as Sir Frederic Blount is announced.

And now begins a purgatory for poor Lady Maria.

"Thought—er—that as I had to drop down to this part of the world I'd like to come and see you," says Sir Frederic with manifest hypocrisy and a series of furtive glances all around the room as though in search of so nothing. "Thought, too, that I—er—heard voices as I came up the stairs."

"And I thought you were safe in Italy," says Lady Maria, who is very justly exasperated by his appearance at this moment.

"Had to put it off for a week or so. Business down here with my steward. Beastly nuisance, but had to come."

Awkward silence. Lady Maria, with her eyes fixed on the Japanese screen, is giving herself up a prey to despair. As for her putting her fingers in her ears, she doesn't believe a word of it.

"Lady Flora with you?" asks Sir Frederic at last, jerking out the question awkwardly.

"Yes."

"Gone out for a walk?"

"No, no. In retirement," says the wretched Lady Maria with a groan that she adroitly turns into a sneeze.

"Ah, headache?"

"Really, Frederic, considering the terms you and Lady Flora are on I think it a little—well—a little odd of you, to say the least of it, to cross-examine me about her like this; such anxiety about her health on your part is hardly to be expected."

"Anxiety? on my part! I can't imagine what you mean by that," exclaims Sir Frederic indignantly. He rises, and going over to the Indian hearthrug, leans against the mantelpiece and glowers from that lofty position down upon Lady Maria. The edge of the Japanese screen touches the hearthrug, and a slight leaning back of Sir Frederick would in all probability reveal to him the person hiding behind it. Lady Maria becomes conscious of a sensation of faintness.

"Don't stand there; so bad for your complexion," stammers she inconsequently.

As Sir Frederic is standing manlike with his back to the fire, the suggestion about his complexion falls flat.

"I'm chilly," says he absently, and then, "Anxious about her—the woman who wilfully deserted me; who——"

"Once for all, Frederic, I decline to discuss your wife," says Lady Maria frantically. "Talk of Taxation, servants, the education of the lower classes, any abominable subject you like, but not of Flora."

"I can't help it,' says Sir Frederic with an obstinate shake of his head. "You began it. You suggested I should or did feel anxiety for -F——Lady Flora, and I insist upon showing you why——"

"I quite understand, I assure you."

"You don't. You can't, or you wouldn't have spoken as you did. A man more barbarously treated than I have been has seldom——"

Here, seeing the screen shake ominously, Lady Maria loses her head:

"Of course, of course. We all know that," cries she enthusiastically—fatally. The screen now seems to be the receptacle of an earthquake in an extremely advanced stage. Oh! those young women and their promises about their fingers and their ears.

"I'm not well, Frederic; I'm tired; I've toothache, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, tic-douloureux, everything!" almost screams Lady Maria. "I wish you would go away."

"You look all right," says Sir Frederic, gazing at her with a sceptical eye. "What you really mean is, that you don't want to hear my exculpation. I don't blame you. She has been priming you with abuse of me, of course; but I insist on setting myself right with you. You think Flora in the right, but she is not; it is I who am in the right," striking his clenched fist against his breast in quite an alarming fashion.

The—"yes to be sure" that hangs on Lady Maria's agitated lips is checked in the bud by another evolution of the incipient earthquake. Good heavens! how long is this to last? And when the end comes how many survivors will there be?

"Look here," says Sir Frederic violently: "once for all, you shall learn the truth. She married me not knowing her own mind (which, apparently, is of a poor sort), and, tiring of me, sought occasion to regain her liberty. She never believed that story about me, but it served as a pretext for her plan——. She deliberately broke off all relations with me simply to suit herself, and with a full belief in her inmost soul that I was innocent of the ridiculous charge she brought against me. She——"

The screen goes over with a crash—a beautiful but furious young woman appears, standing in its place. It is a perfect transformation scene. Lady Maria falls back in her chair half fainting; Sir Frederic, stepping back in wild astonishment, puts his foot on Lady Maria's Tabby, who doesn't faint at all, but sets up such a meowing as makes the welkin ring. All is confusion.

The cat is the first to recover; then the outraged goddess, who, advancing on her husband, regards him with a glittering eye.

"How dare you say that?" says she in a low but tartor-striking tone. And now she turns to the hapless Lady Maria. "You listened to him! you applauded him! you took his part! you said that I had treated him barbarously! Oh, Maria!"

Lady Maria makes an effort to explain, but speech is beyond her. She is chilled by Sir Frederic's eye, who now advances straight down upon her.

"And you knew she was there all the time—listening," with a scornful glance at Flora, who returns at four-fold. "You let me say what was in my mind without even seeking to check me; you——"

But this is too much for Lady Maria; such fragrant injustice restores to her her dignity. She rises to the occasion and her feet.

"Once for all," says she sternly, "I am done with you; yes, with both of you. You are ungrateful—worthless—heartless! Hitherto I have done what I could for you. For the future you shall manage your own affairs without assistance from me. You can make use of this room—of this house—of anything belonging to me, but of me—never again!"

She sails with much dignity from the room.

"There!" says Sir Frederic, turning round to his wife; "you have done it, as usual."

"Done what? I've done nothing. It is you who have done everything! And not satisfied with having insulted me, you come here and abuse me to Maria behind my back."

"I spoke only the truth. And you—was it fair to hide behind a screen and listen to what wasn't intended for you? There's an ugly name for that, you know," hotly.

"I don't care what ugly names you call me. Your opinion of me has ceased to be of any importance. And I wasn't listening! I kept my fingers tight in my ears until you had been here for hours; then my arms tired, and I——"

"Heard I like that," with a sardonic laugh; "I haven't been here for twenty minutes yet.

"Oh, you could say anything," says Lady Blount, and brushing contemptuously past him, she sinks into a lounging chair and takes up a magazine with an air of indifference that ought to have imposed upon any one. But Sir Frederic, being her husband, can read between the lines. Husbands are always difficult.

"Well, not a word of refutation?" says he mockingly. "You acknowledge then I spoke only the bare truth when I said that you sought occasion to get rid of me because you were tired of me."

"To refute that I must be rude; I must say you are lying," says Lady Flora deliberately. "But that, after all, is scarcely a rudeness, as you know it without my telling."

"I know nothing of the sort. If the e is a lie anywhere, it belongs to the person who told you I had anything whatsoever to do with Miss Drewry."

"I forbid you to mention that woman," starting to her feet and staring angrily at him.

"I see no reason why I shouldn't."

"And all those frequent journeys to town a month after we were married; was there no reason for them, either?"

"Plenty of reason. Business took me to town on every occasion."

"Why can't you think of something new?" says she scornfully. "Business. Was there ever a case of this sort when business wasn't the excuse for it?"

"I wonder who is your mantuamaker!" says he with a short and most unmirthful laugh; "she ought to be proud of herself, at all events. She has taught you a good deal of very unwearable stuff."

"I won't be sneered at by you," says she with a stamp of her pretty foot. "I came here hoping to avoid you; and——" she pauses—then, suddenly: "What brought you here to-day?"

"To see you!" returns he doggedly.

He has hardly prepared for the result of his speech. Lady Flora, after a moment's struggle, bursts into tears.

"Flora!" cries he, making a movement towards her.

"Don't attempt to call me by my name," sobs she passionately. "And don't think I am crying because of you. No, it is my self-esteem that is hurt; I cannot forget that I once——" she breaks down completely.

"Did you once love me?" says he sadly. "Then what is all this about? Flora, listen to me. Before my marriage I may have been what people call wild. There was too much gambling, too much champagne, too much—of many things better avoided. But from the day of our engagement, nay, from the day we first met, I had neither thoughts nor glances for any one but you. On my soul, I swear it. What can I say more?"

"Oh! it is too late," says she with a little despairing gesture. "There are so many things not to be forgotten."

"Quite true!" returns he with spirit; there are many things, but as to their being never forgotten—well! There was your flirtation with that fellow in the Hussars——"

"Captain Pierrepoint. Nonsense! I defy you to think I meant anything by that. A hideous, foolish, pale-eyed creature! No; when I mean that sort of thing I shall choose somebody good looking."

"Oh, will you indeed!" says he stiffly. And then the absurdity of it strikes on them, and they both burst into a short but rather uncomfortable laugh. Still, it airs the atmosphere.

"It is getting late; you are going?" says she presently with much hospitality.

"Not at all. I hope Lady Maria, in spite of all that has occurred and gone, will give me my dinner."

"But I am staying here."

"Well?"

"I suppose you don't mean me to have any dinner."

"On the contrary, I hope you will dine with me. Considering what I have endured already from you, I believe you will be a very desirable addition to the feast; a veritable sauce piquante."

"Well; I shan't dine with you."

"Why not, Flora?" says he suddenly. "Is it all so irremediable? Think! We were happy once, and——. Oh! darling, you are crying again. Make it up with me, Flora, and we'll let the past go by us."

"Oh, but if it is true that you—that I—that it was all an untruth about that woman, you will never forgive," says she, pressing back from her his eager hands.

"Try me. What is there I wouldn't forgive you? But, oh! Flora, how could you have thought it?"

"I did'nt want to think it, but——" She gives way suddenly and flings her arms round his neck. "Freddy! Freddy! how good it is to be able to kiss you again!"

After this matters go very easily.

"But now you won't be able to go abroad," says she presently.

"Why not?"

"And leave me?" half starting out of his arms.

"Certainly not. We'll go together. I'll explain to the men I was going with, and make it straight with them, and then you and I will have a second honeymoon."

"Yes; we'll begin our life all over again."

Here she begins to cry a little and to clasp him closer.

"What is it, darling?"

"Nothing. Only every night since we parted I have prayed that I might die soon, and now I'm afraid that it will be answered."

"Well, I've been praying that we might come together again, and spend a long life together, and my prayer is as good as yours any day, and much more sensible, so of course it will gain the day," says he; and if this is a pious lie on his part, I've no doubt it will be forgiven him.

"It ought to," says she hopefully. Then, "Freddy! it is Christmas Day. A lucky day to make it up isn't it?"

"A lucky day for me, certainly."

"And for me, too. But Maria," nervously, "I don't see how we are to face her again."

At this moment the door opens and Lady Maria, who has not been able to restrain her curiosity any longer, appears on the threshold.

The fact that the two before her start guiltily asunder on her abrupt entrance, explains all things to her.

"Well, I am glad!" cries she, her whole face melting into one beaming smile.

A Curious Case.

BY R. E.

DURING the last week of September, 1870, a young man, giving his name as Charles Brackett, called upon me in deep trouble. He asked me if I had a private room. I arose at once, led the way to my consultation closet, closed the door and turned the key in the lock. I pointed him to the sofa, taking my own seat at the table.

"Now," said I, "young man, what is it?"

He started and caught his breath; and as he began to speak, I made up my mind that, let the case be what it would, he was not a guilty party. He was too fearful, too broken-spirited and unhappy, for a criminal. The case, as he presented it, was as follows:—

He was employed as bookkeeper, and at times acted as cashier, in the wholesale establishment of Arnold, Merriam & Co. For a considerable time money had been missing from the funds of the firm, and at length suspicion had fallen upon himself.

Said he, "I am situated peculiarly. My mother is an invalid; and I have two sisters—young ladies. We four live together. My father died when I was only twelve. One of my sisters has to remain at home to take care of the house and to care for my mother; the other—two years younger than myself—gives music lessons when she gets pupils. Our little house our father left, with a mortgage on it of three hundred pounds, which has remained ever since, until little more than four weeks ago, when we paid it off."

Then he stopped, hesitated, and choked.

"How did you raise the money for that?" I asked, quietly.

"Must I tell you, sir?" he returned imploringly.

"Do you want me to defend you?"

"Yes, sir!" he answered quickly. "I was sent to you by—by a man who said you would help me."

Then I told him, "You had better trust me. If you do not——"

There he interrupted me by asking if I would keep it secret. I told him he must trust me fully. I would do what was best, and of that he must leave me to judge. And after a little further hesitation he told me.

A young gentleman, whose parents were wealthy, and was himself well off, had loved the music-teaching sister, Bella, a long time; and they were to be married during the coming autumn, and go at once to Paris. The young man was very anxious that his parents should not know, as they had other plans for his future. He—Bella's affianced—had furnished the money for paying off the mortgage, and, also, for repairing the house; and he had made them all promise not to speak his name in connection with it.

I suspected at once who the man was. He was a member of the same club with myself, and several of us had felt sure that he contemplated matrimony, sub rosa. So I looked at my visitor smilingly, and said:

"It is Albert Christopher!"

"Who told you?" he cried in wonder.

"Never mind," said I, "so long as you did not. And Christopher sent you to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Now go on and tell me what has been done."

It appeared, from his further story, that Mr. Merriam had for several weeks suspected him, and when it had become known that the mortgage had been paid off, and when Brackett would not tell where the money had come from, but instead thereof trembled and turned pale, then the suspicions became confirmed, or very nearly so.

"Two weeks ago," the young man went on, "Mr. Merriam gave me a package containing a hundred pounds, and told me to carry it into Winthrop Sturgis's counting-room, and ask them to forward it to Colonel Walter Pennington, at Liverpool. Colonel Pennington was in business there, and corresponded with both our houses. We had wool of him. Perhaps you know, sir, Sturgis is in the same line that we are in. Well, Sturgis had told our folks that he was going to make a remittance to the Colonel, and offered to take the sum they wished to forward and cover it in his check.

"I carried the money to Sturgis's place, and in the counting-room found only his head book-keeper, Damon Wadleigh, at his desk. It was somewhere between one and two o'clock. I gave the money to Wadleigh, and he opened the package—it wasn't sealed—and counted it—just one hundred pounds. He asked me if I wanted a receipt. I told him he had be ter give me a line, just to show that it had been received in that house. He wrote a simple acknowledgement of the reception of the amount. I took it, and ran the blotter over it; then folded it up and put it into my vest pocket, and went to my dinner. Before returning to the store—the weather had grown cooler than it was in the morning—I changed my trousers and vest for thicker ones, and I forgot the receipt in the vest pocket. That night when I went home it was not to be found, and I have not been able to find it since.

"I'm almost finished, sir. Just one week from the day on which I paid the money in at Sturgis's, Mr. Merriam received a letter from Colonel Pennington, in which, at the end—after the business—occurred this passage:—'My dear old fellow, when are you going to let me hear from you? I haven't been blessed by your kind remembrance I don't know when.'"

"When was that?" I asked.

"Last week—Tuesday, sir."

"And you gave the money in at Sturgis's counting-room when?"

"The Tuesday before that, sir—the thirteenth of the present month of September."

I nodded for him to go on.

"After Mr. Merriam had showed me the letter, and told me to read that sentence, he asked me if I was sure I had given that money to be sent to Colonel Pennington. You can imagine I was indignant; but I didn't know then how much I'd been suspected. I held in as best I could, and told him I had given the money into the hands of the book-keeper, Damon Wadleigh. During the afternoon he—Merriam—called in at Sturgis's, and, sir—oh, I can't understand it!—they all—Sturgis and Wadleigh, and all there employed—swear that they never saw the money!

"I forgot to say, sir, that Mr. Merriam asked me if I took a receipt; and it was when I confessed the loss of that that my heart began to quake. Yes, sir, they swear—all in the counting-room—that they never saw the money. Mr. Sturgis says he filled out a check, as he had said he should, on the afternoon of the thirteenth instant, and posted it to Colonel Pennington, at Liverpool, but nothing had been received—so nothing had been covered in—on account of Merriam and Co."

Then, in broken accents, the young man told me that he had been accused of embezzlement; had been brought before a magistrate for preliminary examination, and bound over to appear in October. The evidence before the justice had been deemed by most of those present as conclusive.

There was the case. Brackett said he had searched in vain for the receipt. But the missing receipt was not all. The lifting of the mortgage from the house told heavily against him.

He had himself paid the money, and the business had been done in his name. Yet he had utterly refused to tell where the money had come from, and had almost cried—had fairly shed tears—when pressed and badgered on that point. That the astute justice had taken as a sure sign of guilt.

I asked him if he suspected Damon Wadleigh of having appropriated the money to his own use. He shook his head dubiously. He knew not what to think. He and Wadleigh had always been most excellent friends, though he had never been able to keep exactly the expensive company that Damon did.

"But, mind you," he added, "I don't mean to intimate by that that he ever lives beyond his means."

I thought the matter over. Really and sincerely, I believed my client innocent.

"Look here," said I, as the thought struck me; did Colonel Pennington speak, in the letter which Merriam showed to you, of the amount due to him from your firm?"

"I am very sure he did not," replied the youth. "He (the Colonel) and Arnold Merriam were college-mates, and have been close friends ever since. My thought of the passage was that he had missed his old friend's chatty letters."

I had about made up my mind to send the young man away until the next day, that I might think, and, perhaps, investigate, when the thought occured to me—a thought so simple, so exceedingly simple, that it had not found lodgement before—"What does Colonel Pennington say about it?"

Brackett did not know. He was very sure the Colonel had not been written to.

"Well," said I, "let us begin at the bottom. The money was for Colonel Pennington. If there has been no wrong done by anybody, he should have received it."

And I sat down and wrote as follows:—

"To Colonel Wm. Pennington, Liverpool.

"Have you received one hundred pounds, which should have been forwarded to you from Arnold Merriam on the 13th instant? Answer immediately to me."

I signed my name, gave it to Charles Brackett, bade him take it to the telegraph office, and wait for an answer.

In a little more than half an hour the young man was back, and here is what Colonel Pennington telegraphed:—

"The money was paid into my own hands on the day named—one hundred pounds.

"WALTER PENNINGTON."

I was not satisfied with that. I was now sure that, in some way, the Colonel had received the money. But how? Before I made my appearance to the accusers, I wished to be whole-footed. So I wrote another telegram, asking the Colonel to send to me at once, by telegraph, a full and explicit statement of how he had received the money, and let it come at my expense.

This despatch Brackett took away, and the clock was striking six as he came back with the answer.

Here it is—the body of it:—

"On Tuesday, the 13th instant, shortly after noon, I was on my way from Manchester to London, and thence home. I had to pass through your place on wings. I had just time to look in at Merriam's, where I found—nobody! Then I looked in at Sturgis's, where I found one of the Wadleigh brothers—I never could tell them apart—and he gave me a package containing one hundred pounds, saying it had been left only a few minutes before by one of Merriam's people. In my driving hurry I put the money into my pocket. Wadleigh said nothing about a receipt, and I didn't stop to think of it. And I have hardly thought of it since till I received your telegram. What's up?

"WALTER PENNINGTON."

"Ho, ho!" I cried, when I had read. "Another case of Twins! A thousand pounds to a penny that you gave that money to Pythias Wadleigh instead of Damon!"

And so it proved. Damon and Pythias Wadleigh were twin brothers, as like as two peas in a pod. Upon a critical overhauling of events in the past, it appeared that on that Tuesday noon—the 13th—Pythias changed to drop into Sturgis's counting room when his brother was there alone.

Damon was famishing for his lunch, and he asked Pythias to remain on the premises while he went out; and so it had been done.

So, when Charles Brackett dropped in, he found Pythias, instead of Damon; but did not know it.

When Colonel Pennington looked in at Merriam's place, he found it empty, and moved on. He reached Sturgis's not more than two minutes after Brackett had gone; Pythias, knowing him so well and so intimately, had given him the money as a matter of course, and thought no more of it. Half an hour later, when his brother returned, he came in company with two customers, full of business; so the subject of the Colonel and his money was not touched upon. And from that time the two brothers had not met until this strange business called them together.

Mr. Merriam, and others concerned, made all the reparation in their power.

On the merchant's promise of due circumspection, I revealed to him the secret of Brackett's ability to pay off the mortgage on his mother's house; so the last burden of doubt was lifted from his mind, and he was in the right humor to give his young clerk an advance in position.

Love is always in order, and always interesting, if it be true love; and that leads me in closing, to say that Albert Christopher and Bella Brackett were married before the snow flew; and his parents, when they had come to know his accomplished young wife, were perfectly reconciled, and even happy.

ANCESTRY OF THE TAME GOOSE.—The common tame goose of this country had his ancestry in Europe, and is descended from wild birds that had been domesticated, though it varies considerably in color from its progenitors, yet less than ducks and other fowls do from their wild origin. It tends to a general gray, especially the female, while the male is often wholly white. The usual weight of a good goose is fifteen or sixteen pounds, but by cramming with nourishing food this weight is sometimes almost doubled. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would probably object one method employed for the fattening of the goose.

Many ages ago it was discovered that by confining and preventing motion, employing fattening diet and sometimes emptying substances the body of the bird would become loaded with fat in a comparatively short time. It was during the reign of Louis XIV that a thrifty French market woman discovered a way to restrain her geese from wandering by nailing their feet to a board. This enabled her to fatten the geese rapidly and her product was in great demand, as the enlarged and diseased livers of her birds were in request for pates de fois gras, which from that day to this have been greatly esteemed by the epicures.

The Chinese have for centuries led the world in the cultivation and education of this bird, bringing it into a high state of perfection in size and flavor. The goose is long lived when allowed to ruminate and prolong its days, having been known to live to be 100 years old. It has been alleged that a goose of this old age finds its way to market. The habit of hissing at unpleasing performances is imitated from the goose, and was much indulged in by our ancestors when theatrical entertainments were not to their liking. It may be remarked, however, that the hiss has fallen into innocuous desuetude, and no matter how bad a performance may be the dreaded sibilant symptom of disapprobation is never more heard. Of course, no article on the goose would be complete without a passing allusion to the geese that saved Rome, one night when the electric light had gone out and the watchmen were at a benefit ball.

CHINA'S POPULATION.—A writer in the North China Herald, discussing the causes of the increase in the population of China and the increasing energy of the Chinese race which enables it to absorb other peoples and always to conquer in the struggle for existence, remarks that the native statistics show that it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the population went beyond 60,000,000. From that period onward it has grown continuously in spite of famines, wars and pestilence, and is overflowing into other countries and causing political disquietude.

The causes of this are a mild and paternal government, the extension of foreign trade and the spread of emigration.

In this period there were two great reigns, which lasted about sixty years each, the greater number of which were years of profound tranquility and beneficent legislation.

The educational system also, which extends to every village and leads to the vast increase of persons connected with teaching and literature, and to a multiplication of occupations, has stimulated the increase of population, while foreign trade has vastly increased the number of persons engaged in agriculture.

The cultivation of silk has grown enormously under the influence of the foreign export, and with it the numbers of persons engaged in mulberry trees, feeding silkworms, spinning, weaving, wholesale and retail trade in silk, etc.

Out of 380 000 000 of which the population is, according to the latest official statistics, composed, about 1 in 10 is engaged in agriculture. 1 in 100 is a bricklayer or mason, 1 in 120 is a tailor, 1 in 140 a blacksmith, and 1 in 9 a wanderman, while about 1 in 100 is a carpenter. All these classes are benefited by and increase and multiply with foreign trade.

Lastly, emigration has caused an increase in the population to a remarkable degree. The places of those who leave are soon filled up, and when the emigrants return with their wealth they react upon the general prosperity, and consequently the population, by putting their capital into local enterprises and thus adding their quota to the wealth of the nation.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.—One of the greatest authorities upon etiquette that ever lived said, "When I see a man absent in mind, I choose to be absent in body." It is most discouraging to attempt to hold a conversation with any one who when perforce brought back to a realising sense that they are being talked to, gaze at their vis-a vis with a vacant stare, and either answer at random or beg pardon for not having understood the remark. It is a blow to one's self-esteem to find that the sweetness of his words has been wasted upon the desert air.

It is really as satisfactory to converse with a deaf and dumb person as with an absent minded one. "A fool never has thought, a madman has lost it, and an absent man is for the time without it." In this world people must have their wits about them and keep their eyes open, or they will find they are losing their best chances, and the wideawake man is running far ahead. An absent mind is a weakness which may be either cultivated or overcome; but in the end it will be found that the quick wit and ever-ready attention meet with the greatest success in life, a result of thorough knowledge and understanding of the world.

OILING THE WAVES.—There can be no doubt that the use of oil for the safety of vessels in stormy weather is becoming more general. A Norwegian engineer directs attention to the important point of selecting the most suitable oil. "A fat, heavy animal oil, such as train oil, whale oil," etc., he says, "is decidedly the best, but as these oils in cold weather become thick and partly lose their ability to spread, it is advisable to add a thinner mineral oil. Vegetable oils have also proved serviceable. Mineral oils, especially refined ones, are the least effective. Crude petroleum can be used in case of need, but refined petroleum is hardly any good at all.

WHATEVER you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The refusal of a Detroit street car company to receive coppers from passengers brought out the fact not generally known that one, two, three and five cent pieces are legal tenders up to twenty-five cents, while ten, twenty, twenty five and fifty cent pieces are legal tenders up to $10.

The history of the adoption of foreign words into a language is very singular, though the motive is always the same. We want a word to express an idea, and we take it from another language rather than coin one on our own behalf. At one time we used to borrow largely from France. There is quite a little vocabulary of terms like *ennui, laisser aller, sang froid*, to show the kind of ideas for which we had occasion, but had not terms. Now, however, the balance is all the other way. Export trade is large, and our imports from France at least, small. We have given them the most unexpected kind of words—such as meeting, attraction, high life, "select, clubmen, and the singular phrase, "time is money."

A curious loss in the mails is told of in a Boston paper: "At Christmas time some person out of town inclosed a gold ring in a letter as a gift to a friend in the city. When the letter was delivered the ring was found to be missing, and a clean-cut circular hole through the envelope showed how it had escaped. A search was instituted, and it was found that the letter containg the ring had been placed in the package, beside a packet containing quite a large sum of money in greenbacks. The weight of mail matter upon the bag containining these letters had forced the ring through the envelope in which it was contained and nearly through the package of greenbacks, in which it was found imbedded. When the money packet was opened the ring dropped out, together with a large number of circular fragments of greenbacks of the exact size of the ring, which had been cut out as neatly as with a die."

King Carlos of Portugal, who possesses sixteen Christian names, while his younger brother answers to no less than thirty, is personally one of the most amiable of monarchs. He is a handsome, blonde young man, who carries himself with a military air, and is credited by his personal friends with considerable decision of character. He is a devoted sportsman, an accomplished musician, speaks seven languages, and paints in water colors—in short, he is a bit of a savant, like his relative, the unlucky ex-Emperor Dom Pedro. The Queen is believed to be popular. She is tall and handsome, and was very carefully educated. She does not share her husband's passion for music, but is a student of history, delights in mathematics, and is a clever sketcher. She speaks French, Portuguese, English and German. She is said to take a deep and intelligent interest in public affairs, and to be exceedingly fond of her adopted country.

The tailors of Austria should do well. An Imperial decree which has been recently promulgated from Vienna directs that every Austrian civil servant, be he of high rank or of low, shall henceforth always wear a uniform. The uniform is in every case to consist of a green frock coat, grey trousers, military cap, sword, and doeskin gloves, with a military overcoat for cold or wet weather. The civil servants, of whom, it is said, there are fully three-quarters of a million, are divided by the decree into four categories and eleven ranks; and these are to be distinguished one from another by the color of the facings on their coats. These colors are of all hues of the rainbow, from the faintest canary yellow to the richest violet. On gala occasions the civil servants are to substitute green trousers for their gray ones, and to wear cocked hats instead of caps. Hitherto, servants of the State of Austria have dressed like ordinary citizens. For the future, they are to dress like soldiers.

It is interesting to note how the Empresses and Princesses of Germany confer with their dressmakers. Not one of the latter ever sees her august patron face to face, but whenever an order is to be given a lady-in-waiting instructs a business establishment as to the exact requirements of the royalties. Samples and models are then sent to the palace, where they are received by the lady in waiting, and by her submitted to the Royal ladies. It happens only on very rare occasions that a dress is "fitted" by the dressmaker, the lady's maid at the palace undertaking to look to that important detail. Nor is any measure taken in the usual way, but a well fitting bodice is handed to the "artist in dress," and she has to be guided by that alone. Years ago the old Empress Augusta had a model of her figure made, on which all her dresses were fitted. In ordering new costumes the Royal and Imperial ladies always wish to be informed whether a model to which they take a fancy has already been copied for any other Court, as they object to wearing the same costume as another august lady, should they perchance meet in public or in society.

Sunday school teacher—"Who was it that went down to Jericho and fell among thieves?" Smart Pupil—"You can't play it, teacher. You want me to say I don't know, and then ask you, and then you're going to spring McGinty onto me. You can't play no McGinty drives on me."

Our Young Folks.

PETER PIPER'S PROMISE.

BY S. U. W.

Peter Piper walked along the top of the sea-wall, with his little bare feet clinging fearlessly to the very edge, and seemed more deaf to all the jeers of the boys who were following him. He had been called silly so often that he really would have been startled if he had been clever. As to his name, Peter it certainly was, but Piper it was not by rights, yet he was never known by any other outside his own home. It had been given to him because he was always blowing a penny whistle.

"Hallloe, lad, what are you thinking about?" said a cheery voice from below. "Where's your whistle, I should like to know?"

"Here it is, Jack," said Peter, suddenly coming to a full stop, and throwing himself flat on the wall.

He well knew the voice that was speaking, for the owner of it was one of his few friends.

"Why aren't you piping to-day, lad? Nothing wrong at home is there?"

A queer dazed look came into the boy's eyes, as he peered down, and said—

"What say, Jack?"

"Dear, dear," muttered the old man to himself. "There's that daft look again. I don't believe he understood a word of what I said to him. I used to think it was awful to lose both your legs as I may say I have done since that paralysis came on, but since I've known Peter I say to myself very often 'I'm thankful I've got my wits.' Give us a tune, boy," added the cripple. "It's mighty dull down here sometimes, and I do believe all the folks have gone off to Barton Fair. I haven't taken a penny this morning."

Peter seated himself on the edge of the wall and played the tunes which he knew his old friend—who employed his time in making nets—loved best. Suddenly, just as Peter was making a very clever shake in "Home, sweet home," his whistle fell from his hands, and he dropped off the wall as if he had been shot.

Jack broke his netting-needle with the start he gave as the bare foot knocked against his bent head, then called out anxiously—"Are you hurt, boy? Whatever made you do that?"

Peter Piper did not answer Jack, but, having found his whistle, he sped like a deer along the sand, keeping so close to sea-wall that he actually touched it with his shoulder now and then.

"What mischief has that youngster been after now?" said a fisherman, coming up from behind Jack's chair. "Hi, stop thief!"

"You just let him be, Jacob. He's as harmless as a baby."

"Then what on earth does he go and bolt off like that for, just when he saw me? A boy ought not to fly like that at the sight of his father. One would think he had picked someone's pocket, if there was any pocket to pick."

"It's Barton Fair week remember," said Jack, "and that takes the folk away."

"And brings a lot of a kind we don't care about, I expect," said Jacob grimly. "I caught sight of two of the ugliest looking customers just before I turned down to find you."

Peter had run about a mile when the sea-wall came to an end, and the natural cliffs took its place; then he walked quietly along till he entered a cave, known as the "rocky parlor."

At the back of the cave there was a small opening, and evidently one well-known to Peter, for when he came to it he turned round, lay flat down on his face and pushed his legs in, till his whole body was safely out of sight of anyone who might come into the cave.

Thus lying flat, with his whistle still grasped in his right hand, Peter Piper listened. But those for whom he was watching were long in coming; and what wonder, then, that he slept?

He was awoke suddenly by the sound of angry words in the cave. Two men, the very two whom his father had so little admired, were quarreling.

Peter stretched forward till his eyes were out of his shelter and he could see the men. Peter had been to Barton Fair, like everyone else at Sandton, and had been cheated out of his only sixpence by one of these men. It was when following them to see if by any means he could get the money out of them that he overheard them plot to steal the big new fishing nets which some of the Sandton fishermen had lately bought and which were generally to be seen drying on the sea-wall.

Peter knew that his father's were amongst the new ones which the men wanted to steal; and in a quiet way he had kept a sharp look out on their movements ever since. He knew that they often sat in the "rocky parlor" to make their plans, and he had many a time hidden in the little passage from the boys who were inclined to tease him. So when, just as he was playing to old Jack, he caught sight of the two walking along the wall, he felt sure they were making their way to the parlor; and he determined to be there first and hear as much of their plans as he could.

Now he lay, eagerly listening; but straining forward suddenly to catch every word, he knocked his head against the rock, and cried out with the pain. It was only a low cry, but one of the men heard it. In two minutes they had dragged poor Peter from his hiding-place, and one held him in a grip of iron while the other stormed at him for watching them.

They knew the boy was half daft, or probably they might have done him some mischief. As it was, they contented themselves with making use of him. "Now mind, youngster, you have promised. If you break your promise I'll throw you off the harbor, and it's little chance you'll have of swimming to shore. You'll play that whistle on the wall from seven o'clock till we've got the nets in this cave. If you see anyone coming you'll stop piping, and we can bolt."

He had given his promise, wondering in his simple mind how he could manage to save his own life and save the nets too.

"Now you just stay in this place till seven o'clock; you needn't try to get off home to warn them, for we shall be hanging about up above, just to get the people used to the sight of us, and if I catch you putting your nose above the sea-wall, well——" a shake by way of emphasis set Peter trembling.

He was soon left alone, and sat wandering what he could do. No one was in sight; and evidently the men had gone up to the top of the wall by the way by which they came. Then suddenly an idea came to the poor boy's mind; Jack, Jack could help him!

He started off once more, going, if possible, nearer to the cliffs than he had gone before, scudding along with head down and a set purpose shown in his face.

On, on, with never a look behind, till he turned the corner which had hidden Jack from view. What if he had already gone home, disgusted by the want of customers? No, there he was, and there, too, was Jack's constant friend and messenger, Tiger, a little fox-terrier, as unlike its savage namesake as could be.

In eager breathless sentences the boy told old Jack the plot he had listened to, and the promise he had made.

Then Jack thought a few minutes, and having hit upon a good plan, he told Peter not to be frightened, but to seat himself on the wall by the last net, as he had promised, and go on playing steadily. "Let 'em get them all over the wall, lad, and then, when they drop down after them, don't you leave off playing, but just change your tune to 'Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,' Take my word for it, we will astonish those rascally fellows, and——"

"You won't let them drown me?"

"Not a bit of it, lad. Trust to me, and be off, in case they go to look for you. Here, take my dinner with you, or you'll be hungry. I'll get some more somehow."

Swiftly the boy returned to the cave, unobserved by anyone, and, after eating his dinner, lay down to rest.

Jack waited till the boy was out of sight, then he scribbled something on a piece of paper and gave it to Tiger. The dog was kept to be a means of communication between the cripple and his young son, who worked at the mill; and in less than half an hour two men who were walking about the wall saw a young fellow pulling the invalid-chair in which Jack was usually carried home up the steep slope which led from the sands to the "Parade."

"That old fellow's gone," muttered one; "so much the better for us."

They did know so much as we do, you see.

Peter slept for so long that he could hardly believe it when one of the gipsies woke him with a kick and told him it was nearly six.

"I'm glad you've kept your word," he said not unkindly; "now finish your work, and you shall have five shillings for yourself."

Peter was silent, too anxious and terrified to speak. No wonder that he trembled as he took his post at seven o'clock, and began asking, by means of his whistle, "What are the wild waves saying?"

He did not look up, but he could feel that the men were near. At last the net close to him was moved. He had purposely sat down on a bit of it. It was the last of the lot.

A second's pause, and then Peter changed the tune. Clearly, shrilly, though with a little trembling sound about them, rang out the notes of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son"——but before Tom received the beating which he richly deserved there was a shout and a scuffle, as half a dozen fishermen, who had been hiding round the point, seized the thieves.

Then Peter's courage gave way, the whistle dropped from his hands as it had done once before, and he followed it in still more headlong fashion—knocking down one of the fishermen as he fell on the top of him.

So Peter kept his promise, and yet saved the nets, and he was proud indeed when the grateful fishermen presented him with a real flute. Prouder still when his father kissed him tenderly and whispered, "You piped to some purpose that day, my lad. The parson do say that we have all got our own work to do in the world, and that no one else could fit just right in our place, and I don't believe there's any boy could have done so well as my little Peter."

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

BY SHEILA.

Let me see," said Alan, counting on his fingers: "we have had horses, dogs, and cats. What is it to-day, Lillian?"

"What animal carries the most luggage?" said Lillian, replying, Irish fashion, with another question.

"Oh, I see: we are going to have elephants to-day."

His sister laughed.

"My little dear, you must wait and see," and then she began to read.

"'Fiction' elephants are not, to my thinking, so interesting as 'fact' ones, for the good reason that it is impossible to make common domestic pets of them, and so they can only be put into stories and poems of a certain kind.

"Perhaps ancient Eastern heroes had their attendant faithful elephants, just as our ancient heroes rejoiced in wonderful horses or dogs of uncommon strength and intelligence. However that may have been, we know that the elephant of the present day is a clever fellow, gifted with such a memory that he never forgets anything done to him in the way of kindness or the reverse.

"I was much amused at a story I read of a lady who often went to see a large elephant, and always took him something to eat.

"One day the grateful animal picked her up with his trunk and put her on his back; a mark of affection which made the poor lady shriek with alarm.

"She implored the keeper to rescue her from her perilous position, but the man advised her to keep perfectly still; so there she had to remain until my Lord Elephant kindly lifted her down again, when, as you may imagine, she got out of reach of that long trunk as fast as possible.

"Elephants figured in the armies of very ancient times, and we read that the sovereigns of India used them in fighting against Alexander the Great, that the Carthaginians hoped to frighten the Romans with them.

"When Tiberius was Emperor of Rome, twelve elephants were brought into the amphitheatre, where they did wonderful things, danced, sat at table, and ate and drank very decently.'

"An old writer, Christopher Acosta, tells us gravely that in the kingdom of Malabar the elephants 'talk together, and speak with man's voice.'

"'There was,' he says, 'in the city of Cochin an elephant which carried things to the haven, and laboured in seafaring matters.

"'When he was weary, the governor of the place did force him to draw a galley from the haven into the sea.

"'The elephant refused it; the governor gave him good words, and at last entreated him to do it for the King of Portugal. Hereupon the elephant was moved, and repeated these two words clearly, "Hoo, hoo!" which in the language of Malabar is, "I will, I will!" and he presently drew the ship into the sea.'

"I think this remarkable animal certainly deserves a place among those 'famed in fiction.'

"The first elephant that went to England was one sent as a present to James I. by the King of Spain.

"Five camels were also included in the gift; and when they all passed through London at midnight, the people jumped out of their beds to look and wonder at them.

"James was highly delighted with this addition to his menagerie; not so the lord treasurer, who grumbled at the expense of keeping such eaters, and looked very blank when, 'in the blessed graciousness of his Majesty's disposition,' one hundred and fifty pounds was ordered to be given to the Spaniard who brought them over.

"Poor man, he certainly was to be pitied, for a hard master it was to get money enough to supply all the wants of his extravagant master.

"King James' elephant came from India; and the first specimen from Africa seen in the island was the noted Jumbo, who was only about the size of a Shetland pony when he arrived.

"I daresay you remember the fuss that was made when he was about to leave.

"A sort of Jumbo madness set in; presents poured in from all quarters, some of them very absurd ones, and not likely to be of any service to him under any circumstances whatever.

"What, for instance, could the most intelligent of elephants do with a sewing-machine, or with boxes of cigars and snuff?

"Baskets of hot-house grapes did not come amiss to him, for he devoured both; but the six dozen oysters sent by an admirer must have puzzled him—if he ever received them, which I should say is doubtful.

"An elephant in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris was quite a noted character in his way, and a merry wag into the bargain. On his way from Bordeaux—where he landed—to Paris, it was found that the hard roads hurt his feet, so a shoemaker made him four boots, in which he tramped along quite comfortably.

"These were hung up afterwards in his stable, and children who came to the Jardin were pretty sure to want to go and see the elephant' boots.

"The latter had a comical trick of sinking down in his pond until only the tip of his trunk was visible, and then of suddenly coming to the surface and sending a great shower of water out of his trunk over the people who stood by.

"He seemed to think this a capital joke; and used to come up as quickly as he could to catch them before they could run away.

"Oh, they are cunning creatures, these elephants! Don't you think so?

"Two that belonged to a travelling menagerie caught cold, and had a fit of the shivers.

"The keeper dosed them with whiskey, and the next day they were quite well; but no sooner did they see the keeper than they began to shiver violently, for they liked their medicine so much.

"White elephants are thought a great deal of in some parts of the East.

"At the court of Siam the chief white elephant ranks next the queen; the king pays homage to it, and it is addressed as 'Sublime Grandeur.'

"Then it has a court of its own, and is lodged in a palace, and when it appears in public is loaded with jewels.

"Some time ago a white elephant went suddenly mad, and killed several of his attendants.

"No one may kill or injure one of these sacred animals, so what would have happened I cannot imagine if his Sublime Grandeur had not dashed into a court of the palace where it was possible to shut him in.

"There the poor frantic creature beat itself against the walls until at last it dropped dead

"The ruler of Siam calls himself 'King of the White Elephants', and whenever one is caught great rejoicings take place.

"All the nobles come to court to pay their respects to the elephant, and each one is expected to bring the king a present in money.

"If the king wishes to ruin one of his subjects he presents him with a white elephant.

"The unfortunate man may not sell it or give it away; on the contrary, he must treat it like a prince, and this costs so much that in the end he becomes a beggar.

"Then, I suppose, the king steps in and graciously agrees to receive his royal gift back again.

"An elephant named Pangui (not a white one this time) used to be very particular about its food.

"It would carry no more than a certain amount, and one day an officer, getting angry about this, threw a tent-peg at his head. Pangui took no notice at the time, says the Rev. J. Wood, who tells us this tale; but one day he met that officer, and then he picked him up, lodged him in a tamarind tree, and there left him to get down as best he might."

A SUNSET.

BY MYRA.

A soft sweet ripple comes over the sea;
The sun sinks slow to his golden rest;
And you are walking there by his side,
While a glory falls on the crimson West.

A tender light over moon and hill,
Like a mystical veil of beauty lies;
And our hearts in the silence stir and thrill,
And your soul looks out of your dear blue eyes.

See yonder, Love! where the lights begin
To faint and fade in the purple air,
And the strange sweet sorrow creeps dumbly in
That the heart of the Beautiful aye doth bear.

Darling! I know that your soul grows chill,
And your heart is full of a vague regret,
As the glory fades from each radiant hill,
And the shadows fall where the sun has set.

Yet, dear, in the future you cloud with doubt,
Our hearts will love as they love to-day;
The light of our loving can ne'er die out,
Nor our souls, unheeding, walk far away.

ABOUT FISHES.

The sucking fish was long a popular character in sea stories. Wild and fabulous stories they were. This little fish was said to adhere to the bottoms of ships, and to arrest their progress as suddenly as if they had struck on a rock.

The winds might do their best, the sails might fill and the masts creak, but—

"The sucking fish with secret chains
Clung to the keel, the swiftest ship detains."

It could hold the ship against everything, and confine her to the same spot just as if she were at anchor.

The dolphin was the sacred fish of the ancient Greeks, and was by them credited with many fabulous attributes.

It was supposed to be peculiarly friendly to the human race, and in many old stories appears as saving the lives of favored heroes.

The crab in legends of the sea is conspicuous for shrewdness and ingenuity, in proof of which the following fable may be told:

It agreed one day to compete with the fox as to which could run fastest. The fox started, and the crab caught hold of its tail and held fast till they reached the goal. On getting there the fox turned round to see how far he had outdistanced his opponent and to make fun of him. As he did so the crab slipped quietly down, crossed the winning-line, and surprised the fox with—

"What! come at last, are you? I have been here some time."

When on the ocean one should beware of seals. Witches, it is said, have often been known to change themselves into seals, and to follow mariners and fishermen.

A singular superstition regarding the seal used to be current in the Faroe Islands. It was believed to cast its skin every ninth night, assume a human form, and dance and amuse itself like a human being, until it resumed its skin and became once more a seal.

Many tales were told of skins being captured, and the seals being obliged to retain their human shape till they could become repossessed of them.

There is an Icelandic superstition too about the seal, that if a man eats of its liver and gives it to his friend, the two will become enemies for life.

Amongst the myths of the sea few are more widespread, or are alluded to more frequently in literature, than those which deal with mermaids and mermen, especially those connected with mermaids. They have been stoutly believed in, but upon unsatisfactory evidence, from very early ages.

The typical mermaid has the head and body of a woman, usually of surpassing beauty, but below the waist she is fashioned like a fish with scales and fins—the fishy half is sometimes depicted as doubly tailed.

She has long and lovely hair, and is fond of sitting in the moonlight combing it with one hand whilst with the other she holds a looking glass. To these features she adds a sweet and melodious voice.

Notices of mermaids are to be found in abundance in books of bygone times: some rather vague, but others almost photographic in their details.

The legends in which these young women of the sea play a part represent them as possessed of considerable powers. Now and then they reveal the future, and enrich people of the human race with supernatural gifts.

Often they marry mortals, but afterwards leave them and return to their true home. At other times they fall in love with mortals, and entice them to go and live below the water. Mermen, too, sometimes win the affection and capture the person of earthly maidens.

The simplicity of the public has been often imposed on by the exhibition in shows of artificial mermaids. The Japanese are said to be very skilful in their manufacture. One was exhibited early in this century. It was constructed of "the skin of the head and shoulders of a monkey, which was attached to the dried skin of a fish of the salmon kind with the head cut off, and the whole was stuffed and highly varnished, the better to deceive the eye."

It was said to have been "taken by the crew of a Dutch vessel from on board a native Malacca boat, and from the reverence shown to it, it was supposed to be a representation of one of their idol gods."

The sea serpent is a mythical monster that often figures in nautical yarns. The most sensational accounts of its doings are to be found in the early Norse writers, one of whom—after giving its dimensions as two hundred feet long and twenty feet round—describes it as not only eating calves, sheep, and swine, but "disturbing ships, rising up like a mast, and sometimes snapping some of the men from the deck," the narrative being illustrated with a vivid representation of the animal in the very act. Many tales of the sea serpent are to be reckoned as nothing but articles of folk-lore, but at the same time there is a natural history side to the subject.

KIND WORDS.—They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Grains of Gold.

Go not to sleep in malice.

Every morning is a new mercy.

All is not gained that is gathered.

None but the vicious deride virtue.

A covetous person is always in want.

Anger restrained, is conquest gained.

Virtue has many preachers, few martyrs.

Passion leaves us weaker than it finds us.

Rather follow the wise than lead the foolish.

Bad is the condition that loathes admonition.

Prepare for the worst, and hope for the best.

Desire rather to be innocent than to appear so.

None are more rich than those who are content.

Nothing essential to happiness is unattainable.

If you meanest to advance, eye those before thee.

Men may be judged of by their associates and books.

Diffidence and caution are preservatives from error.

Sin may be disped so close we cannot see its face.

It is not difficult to get the best of those who love us.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Never indulge a vicious thought, less into action it be brought.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart, and his next to avoid the censure of the world.

Sensuality not only debases both body and mind, but dulls the keen edge of pleasure.

Femininities.

Neglected hours, like neglected women, are sure to avenge themselves.

Time never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless.

A woman is different from a phonograph. The phonograph only talks back as much as you talk to it.

A young lady recently lost her temper, to the great delight of her friends, as it was a very bad one.

Weddings were anciently celebrated under a walnut-tree, because it was, in common with all fruit-bearing trees, sacred to Jupiter.

Ex Queen Isabella boasts that she is deeper in debt than any other woman in Europe. That is a condition that only the sex can glory over.

The average spasm of household economy consists in not buying what you need because it is dear, and buying what you do not need because it is cheap.

A necessity. Architect: "Now, sir, do you wish any bow-windows?" Pater: "Bean-windows? Well, I should say I did. Put in one for every daughter I have got!"

The Greek fringe of hair over the brow has had its day; it disappears at the behest of ladies of fashion; the high and noble forehead will now appeal for fitting admiration.

There is nothing in the world which gives such scope to discontent as idleness, no matter whether forced or voluntary. A man had better be darning stockings than doing nothing.

"Oh my precious!" cooed Younghusband, "if I should be taken away from you, would you ever marry again?" "That depends, dear," she replied, "on how young a widow you left me."

Her idea of nervousness. "I felt so nervous, mamma," said a little girl, referring to an accident of the previous day. "What do you mean by 'nervous,' my dear?" "Why, mamma, it's just being in a hurry all over."

Aunty: "Here is an apple, Johnny. Share it with your sister in a Christian spirit." Johnny: "How am I to do that, aunty?" "Offer her the largest piece." Johnny, handing the apple to his sister: "There, sissy, you share like a Christian."

"How much does young Smifkins earn in the Government service?" asked one of that gentleman's friends of a departmental chief. "I beg your pardon," was the response; "but you mean to say, 'How much does he receive?' do you not?"

The idea that is entertained by some people that violin-playing is bad for the health is not wholly without foundation. Unless care is taken that the instrument is held in a proper position, the chest may be contracted, and a young girl may even become humpbacked.

Ethel: "Was there a donkey on our steps when you came in, Mr. Featherley?" Mr. Featherley: "Why, no, Ethel. What would a donkey be doing there?" Ethel: "I don't know; but Clara said, before you rang the bell, 'There's that donkey coming here again.'"

"My dear," whispered a man to his wife, as they seated themselves at the theatre, "I left my pocketbook at home." "Haven't you any money at all?" "Only 40 cents." "Won't that be enough?" "Enough!" he repeated, impatiently. "It's a five-act play!"

A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

Gentleman, to young lady from Richmond, on the cars—"Beg pardon, but I am a physician. Your companion is very pale. Is she seriously affected?" Young Lady—"Faintly so, I assure you." "An American, perhaps?" "No; I think his name is Arthur Jones."

A business woman. Jones, to a former sweetheart: "So you are going to throw yourself away on old Jimson?" She—"Throw myself away! I guess you don't know that he has a million and a bad case of heart disease. Call that throwing myself away? That's what I call getting fancy prices."

A gentleman, 75 years of age, recently lost his wife. A venerable lady, a neighbor, nearly four score years, was asked if she had called on her old friend since he had lost his wife. "Why, no, indeed!" she replied in almost indignant surprise. "It would not look well for a widow like me to call on him now, as he is a widower."

Da Fickle: "Oh, Laura, will thou be mine?" Laura: "Yes, Willie, and I want you to understand one thing. I expected this, and told my brother to post himself behind us in the bushes. I just heard a click, so I know that the instantaneous shutter on his camera has fallen, and that the scene we have just enacted is in his possession. I shall have a dozen pictures of it printed, and if you prove fickle you must look out."

Mrs. Stolid, who is stout and not very tall, has a daughter who is tall and rather slender. Now, if there is anything about which Mrs. Stolid is sensitive it is her avoirdupois, and when the spirit of mischief enters her family it is apt to find this sensitive spot before its work is done. The other day this good lady's tall and frazile daughter took occasion to rail at her proportions. "I don't care, Julia," exclaimed her mother; "when you're as big as I am you'll be a good deal bigger!"

An English canon of note used to tell a good story of himself. In his capacity of magistrate he was once visiting the county goal, and expatiated to a friend who was with him on the virtues of the treadmill. Warming with his theme, he declared that he often wished he had one at home to give him the genuine exercise he required, but was too lazy to take, except under compulsion; and, to remove his friend's scepticism he asked the warder to give him a turn. Round went the mill, the canon declaring that the movement was delightful, but after two minutes or it he had had quite enough, and called on the warder to stop the mill. To his horror the warder answered, "Very sorry, sir, I can't; it's timed to go fifteen minutes, and won't stop before."

Masculinities.

A fool always finds a greater fool that admires him.

Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

Few people refuse to give when it involves no sacrifice to them.

A church fair phenomenon. The longer a man stays the shorter he gets.

Live well to-day and spare your sorrow to him that waits until to-morrow.

To be cheerfully disposed at the hours of meals is one of the best signs of health.

John: "Elvira, do you love me, or is it my money?" Elvira: "John, I love you both."

He who has a good son in law has found a child; he who has a bad one has lost a daughter.

The man with a strong mind who is asked to mind the baby generally doesn't mind it.

Wise men change their minds. Fools have no minds to change and are always the same.

The troubles of to day are easily borne. It is the troubles we anticipate which shorten life.

What a glorious world this would be if people lived up to the epitaphs on their tombstones.

The quickest way to remove fresh dark paint is to rub against it with the sleeve of your light coat.

A false friend is like the shadow on the sundial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.

There is considerable dormant genius that ought never to be awakened, if the comfort of others is to be taken into consideration.

It might become useful. He: "I love you more than tongue can tell!" She, thoughtfully: "Suppose you put it in writing, George."

A pompous man, when he smiles at a jest, takes more credit to himself for his appreciation of the joke, than he allows to the wit for uttering it.

Mrs. Partington wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridal ceremony?

The man who pretends that life has no charms for him is seldom the kind of creature that lends any particular coolness to the existence of others.

Wise father, to married son: "You are living very nicely, I see; but are you saving any money?" Wise son, whispering: "Yes, but don't tell my wife."

Ignorant maiden: "Mr. Marshare must be a model husband." "Why so?" "He is so attentive to other women you know, he must be a perfect slave to his wife."

Good advice. "My doctor has forbidden me to take wine, and he says I ought not to smoke, either." "Then, if I were you, I would change my doctor."

"Jones is a very remarkable man," said Keene. "In what way?" asked Bigbee. "He stood at a crossing while a loaded straw wagon went by, and did not pull a single stalk."

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

An article in an exchange wonders what will become of "The Last Man." Oh, he's all right! The last woman will get him. She is waiting for him. The first woman, it was noticed, got the first man.

Worth $5,000,000 and only 10 years old. This is the state of affairs with little Marshall Roberts, the son of the late millionaire Marshall O. Roberts, of New York. He is the youngest millionaire in town.

Society rosebud: "Then you think that Jack cares for me?" Old Stager: "I'm sure of it. His eyes followed your every movement last night." Alarmed. "Gracious! Do you really think he saw all I ate at supper?"

A few conscientious individuals have formed themselves into an "Orange Peel Club," the members of which bind themselves never to throw the dangerous article in question on the foot-way, nor even to let it remain there, if left by another.

This is a negro brother's explanation of race colors: "Noah's sons war all bawn white, but when Ham saw his father lyin' drunk he was so mortyfied that he turned black. Shem didn't feel so bad an' only turned yaller, and Japhet hadn't no shame at all."

Jackson: "This picture I have just had taken at Brown's doesn't do me justice." Johnson: "If see it doesn't; but let me advise you as a friend always to patronise that photographer in future." Jackson is still wondering if his friend meant any more than he said.

A beggar, named Pietro Marcolini, who for thirty years has been a familiar figure in St. Peter's at Rome, has just died suddenly from apoplexy, as he was leaving the Basilica. He was the only mendicant who was permitted to follow his calling within the church itself, Pius IX. having granted him that privilege.

A profound observer says that the way to judge an individual's temper is to watch the eyelids. One with a fiery temper will move eyelids with a snap. Another who is easy-going and hard to arouse, moves the eyelids languidly. One with a quick brain and temper, furious when aroused, just blinks steadily, but neither quickly nor slowly until engaged in interesting conversation.

The misfortune which oftentimes follows the inheritance of a fortune is well illustrated by the case of a Providence young man. About two years ago he inherited $75,000, and a despatch says that he proceeded forthwith to squander it, prodigal-son fashion, in dinner-giving, yachting and less innocent ways; that in a single night at New Haven he got rid of $2000; that last fall he was "broke" and peddling clams through the streets, and that a few days ago he committed the crowning folly of all by killing himself with morphine at a Providence hotel.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February opens with an instalment of the serial "To Be Given Up," and this is followed by a variety of excellent reading, including "The Mistress of the White House," with portraits of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cleveland; "My Old Foe Again"—colds—by the "Family Doctor;" "The Universal Advisory Committee," music, short stories, biographical sketches, poetry, etc., together with many good illustrations. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for February is an etching by James Dobie, from the famous painting by E. J. Poynter, R. A., called "A Roman Boat Race." The *pièce de resistance* of the number, from a literary standpoint, is Mr. Swinburne's poem, "Locus Torridus," which, with its illustrations covers four pages of the magazine. Following the poem is a paper on the "Art of Dry Point," by Mortimer Menpes, illustrated by the author. All readers of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" will be interested in the paper of "Personal Reminiscences of Jules Bastien-Lepage," by the Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch. There are two portraits of Bastien-Lepage by himself, and one from Rodin's statue accompanying this very interesting article. There is a full page reproduction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of the Countess Gower and her daughter, an illustrated paper on the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow, an article on Artists in the New National Portrait Gallery, a paper on "Old Blue and White Mankeen China," with illustrations printed in blue ink, and an unusually full batch of foreign and American notes, giving the reader an admirable idea of what is going on in the world of art. Cassell & Company, New York.

The complete novel in the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is entitled "The Sign of the Four, or, The Problem of the Sholtos," by an English author, A. Conan Doyle, whose "Micah Clark" created a sensation in England. "The Sign of the Four" is an admirable and ingenious detective story. The second part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Elixir of Life," edited by his son, Julian Hawthorne, is given. Francis Galton, F. R. S., the celebrated English scientist and author, contributes an interesting article entitled "Why Do We Measure Mankind?" "The Salon Idea in New York," is the title of a paper by C. H. Crandall. C. H. Herford has a pleasing article Shelley's Welsh Haunts." "The Blue-and-Gold Man-Child" is a striking story by M. H. Catherwood, the author of "The Romance of Dollard." Other articles are "A Plea for Press Censorship," by A. F. Watrous; "Married Geniuses," by John Habberton; "The Forestry Problem," by Charles Morris; "The Dissipation of Reading," by Chas. McIlvaine; "Traditores Traditore," and several poems. The department of "Book-Talk" is bright and interesting; and a new department, "New Books," gives concise and critical notice of noteworthy publications.

LIVELY PRODUCTION.—According to naturalists, a scorpion will produce 65 young, a common fly will lay 144 eggs, a leech 150 and a spider 170. A hydrachna produces 500 eggs and a frog 1,100. A female moth will produce 1 100 eggs and a tortoise 1 000. A gall insect has laid 50,000 eggs, a shrimp 6,000 and 10 000 have been found in the ovary of an acaris. One naturalist found more than 12 000 eggs in a lobster and another more than 21 000. An insect very similar to an ant (Mutilla) has produced 80 000 eggs in a single day, and Leuwenhoeck seems to compute 4 000,000 as the crab's share. Many fishes produce an incredible number of eggs. More than 36 000 have been counted in a herring, 38 000 in a smelt, 1 000 000 in a sole, 1 150 000 in a roach, 3 000 000 in a sturgeon, 342 000 in a carp, 383 000 in a tench, 546 000 in a mackerel, 952,000 in a perch and 1 357 000 in a flounder. But of all the fishes hitherto discovered, the cod is most prolific. One naturalist computes that this fish produces more than 3,686,000 eggs and another as many as 9,444,000.

GOVERNMENT CATS.—The cat is the useful servant of man and not only of man, but of governments. Cats are rated on the books of our public offices, dock yards, stores and shipping. Eight cats are on the staff of the Midland Railway at Trent, in England, and they earn their board by guarding some hundreds of thousands of corn sacks against the rats. A like service in regard to the letter bags is performed by hundreds of cats in the employ of the Post Office of the United States. When a kitten is born to one of these public servants, the local postmaster notifies the district superintendent and obtains additional rations. It is not stated whether the cats go out of office along with the postmasters at the end of the Presidential term. It takes all the time of one man to look after the cats in government pay in the State printing office in France.

Among the "hundred best books" the pocketbook ranks first. If it is sufficiently robust there will be no difficulty in selecting the other ninety-nine.

When troubled with a cough or cold use Dr. Sull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Salvation Oil will do rheumatism more good than any high priced liniments. 25 cts.

THE SULTAN'S CAPITAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE is the brightest city by day and the darkest by night. Soon after nightfall the streets are deserted, and except an occasional rattling of a carriage over the stony streets, not a sound is heard but the stick of the watchman striking the hour, and the dismal howling of innumerable dogs as they engage in their nightly battles.

The people keep early hours at night and late hours in the morning. At nine o'clock the city is just beginning to wake from its slumber. Constantinople is not a great city, like Paris and New York, but a collection of a hundred villages, each with its distinct name, and some of them with entirely different manners, customers, and language.

Perr, for instance, is inhabited almost exclusively by Europeans—French, English, Italians, and Germans. Here the language of society is French. Stamboul, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, is the Turkish quarters. In five minutes, by crossing the bridge of the Sulta Voredo (queen mother), you pass from the civilization of the West to the semi-barbarism of the East.

One hundred thousand people pass that bridge every day; and the tolls which is paid by them—forming a large item in the course of a year—go to the Admiralty, towards the support of the Navy.

The Turks are great eaters; a dinner of twenty courses is common. When they are not eating, they are smoking; when they are neither eating nor smoking, they are sleeping. Coffee is the universal drink of the East among all people. It is ground fresh every time, and the milk and sugar are boiled with the coffee. It is served in tiny china cups of quaint shape and workmanship.

The people are miserably poor. Beggars infest the streets by day and thieves by night; and as the city is only lighted in the European quarter—and very poorly there—every opportunity is afforded the robbers to ply their vocation with success and impunity.

The salary of the police is nominally fairly good, but, as they are seldom paid, they eke out a precarious living by taking bribes from criminals and letting them go.

The pay of the soldier is about tenpence a day, but their pay is always in arrears. A portion of their duty is to arrest tobacco smugglers. They seize the contraband goods, release the offenders, sell the tobacco, and pocket the proceeds.

The bazaars of Constantinople are full of interest, and give the visitor a better idea of oriental life than anything else in the city. As you approach the region of Eastern traffic, you are assailed in many different languages—such as Greek, Armenian, Hebrew, Arabian, and Nubian.

Let us enter the bazaar of stuffs. What a rich and dazzling display of goods! Carpets from Persia, shawls from India, silks from Brousses, brocades from Bagdad, scarfs of blue and gold so transparent and light that they have been compared to sunset clouds, table covers embroidered with arabesque, golden veils woven with silver thread, robes of crimson velvet bordered with and sprinkled all over with golden stars; mantles of green, ermine, orange, and purple; bridal veils sparkling with silver spangles; and the satin girdle worn by a Turkish lady, on which the eyes of no man except the husband ever fall.

The bazaar of perfumery next invites your attention. Here are to be found those famous perfumes with which the poetry of the East has made us familiar—the most precious attar of roses shut up in velvet cases, and so costly that none but the rich can buy it. Here are also the seraglio pastiles for perfuming kisses, and kohl for coloring the eyebrows, henna for the finger tips, soaps that make the skin as soft as silk, essence from sandal wood and myrrh, pomades for the hair, aloes to sweeten pipes, bags of musk, and a thousand other powders and fragrant waters that call up visions of fair women breathing an atmosphere of love and sighs.

But it is in the jeweller's bazaar that one's ideas of oriental magnificence are realised, and Aladdin's wonderful lamp has conjured up a vision of unparalleled beauty, so dazling that we rub our eyes and wonder whether they can be real. There is a Brazilian topas that would have delighted Mme. Bonaparte; a diamond from Golconda, worthy to adorn the neck of an Empress; a turquoise from Macedonia, that might have fallen from the scimitar of a Sultan; here are piles of necklaces of opal and pearl, rubies of priceless value, and gems of every kind known to the lapidary.

To refresh the eyes let us enter the pipe bazaar. Dear to the soil of the Turk is tobacco, "the fourth column of the canopy of voluptuousness," and every sort of smoking article is provided for the indulgence of this favorite luxury; chibouks, with stems of cherry and rosewood, amber mouth pieces, polished as crystal and set with diamonds; nargbiles of silver of quaint and curious shapes, sprinkled with gems, and their tubes glittering with golden rings.

When Byron, who vented his poetical disgust at Malta, with its "streets of stairs," visited Constantinople, he uttered no curses "loud and deep," at the streets of stairs that abound in the city of the Sultan, which are descended at the risk one's neck, and ascended in danger of bringing on heart disease. Not only are the streets deep and stony, but slippery with mud, and some of them reeking with filth. The Turks are the most stupid and conservative people in the world; they make no changes; as their fathers lived, so live they; and it us what was good enough for their ancestors is good enough still, and is ever likely to be.

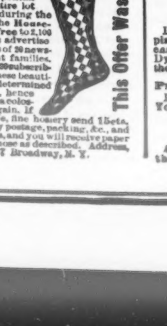
WHERE COLORS COME FROM.—The useful pigment called Indian ink is manufactured by the Chinese from burnt camphor. Thus you see the impression of Chinese letters upon every piece, and they preserve the secret of making it; so you could not produce it yourself, nor can we enlighten you upon it. Sepia, which somewhat resembles, and often supplies a good substitute for it, is produced from the cuttle-fish, and is the dark fluid discharged by him to render the water opaque when attacked. We see no chance of your being able to make your own colors. The camel is the source of Indian yellow; the cochineal insect of purple lake, carmine, and scarlet carmine. Persian blue is compounded from refuse animal matter, a fusion of horses' hoofs, and impure potassium carbonate. Some of the lakes are derived from gums, barks, and roots of trees. From the madder plant, growing in Hindostan, the fine Turkey red is produced, and from the yellow sap of a tree in Siam we get gamboge, which is caught by the natives in cocoanut shells. Other colors are made from earth, such as raw sienna from the locality of that name, and burnt umber is only earth near Umber which is burnt to produce the pigment. Lamp black is made of the soot of certain various resinous substances, blue black from the charcoal of the vine stalk, and bistre is likewise the soot of wood ashes. Ivory chips produce ivory black and bone black; mastic is from the gum of the mastic tree, which is a native of the Grecian Archipelago. The beautiful and expensive paint called ultramarine is derived from lapis-lazuli, Chinese white from zinc, vermillion from cinnabar (quicksilver ore), and scarlet iodide of mercury.

IT was a good point made in the discussion of corporal punishment, at the large meeting of primary teachers, lately, by the sensible young woman who said that if half the present number of children were seated in a schoolroom, and better ventilation secured, the necessity for punishment would be almost done away with. Fresh air and elbow room make good morals with children in the primary schools, as well as with those of larger growth.

"WHAT is your idea of a gentleman, Yellowly?" "A true gentleman always laughs at the joke of a story and never says that he heard it before."

IT FETCHES ONE UP VERY SHORT, to be seized with Pleurisy. Pneumonia, or any acute Throat or Lung Affection. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant proves a handy help in such attacks, and is besides a good old-fashioned remedy for all Coughs and Colds.

2,100 DOZEN FREE!



This Offer Was Never Equalled!

2,100 Dozen pairs Ladies fine Tan and Winter Hosiery given absolutely free to introduce the **Household Companion.** They are fast black, well made, fashionable, solid colors, stripes, checks, all the popular shades—navy blue, seal brown, black, slate tan, in fact style and colors to suit all tastes. Don't pay **25 to 75 cts.** for pair of Tan and Winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable **Household Companion,** of New York, is a complete family paper richly illustrated, containing serial and short stories, romances, sketches, wit, humor, fashion, household hints, stories for children, &c., & ranks among the first Metropolitan Journals. Positively the entire lot (2,100 doz.) to be given away during the next 30 days. We also send the **Household Companion 6 months** free to 2,100 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 36 newspaper readers from different families. To the subscriber or the list of Subscribers we send 1 dozen pairs of these beautiful and useful articles. We are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a colossal offer and will not appear again. If you want a dozen fashionable, fine hosiery send 15cts. in silver or stamps, to help pay postage, packing, &c., and names of 36 newspaper readers, and you will receive paper 6 months and the premium hose as described. Address, **Household Companion,** 867 Broadway, N. Y.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Influenza, Difficult Breathing

CURED AND PREVENTED BY

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

AUGUSTA, GA.

Jan. 14, '88.

DR. RADWAY. I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

W. H. COOPER of COOPER & EVANS.

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ALL ITS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE,

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chill and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents per bottle Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

SAVE MONEY

HAWLEY, PA.

Dear Sir—I would not be without your Pills and your Ready Relief. They save me many a doctor's bill. MRS. M. GIFFORD.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

I.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to cooking-school, sir," she said.

II.

"And what do you do there, my pretty maid?"
"Make waffles and biscuits, kind sir," she said.

III.

"And then do you eat them, my pretty maid?"
"I do not care to die yet, sir," she said.
—U. N. Nown.

Brothers in law: The judges.

The most pompous soldier ever known: General Importance.

Why is the letter t like your nose?—Because it goes before you (u).

New publication—Unpoetical "Lines on a Lady's Face,"—Crow's-feet.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

To dream you are a pig, behoves you to guard well your tongue, lest you turn out a bore.

The road to success is open to all, but too many want to get there without the trouble of going.

He: "How timid and shy the bride appears" She: "Naturally; this is her fourth husband."

"I am learning soe language varey fast. Zee leetle poy zere a spinning his top. He's a spinster eh?"

"When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No, the working."

Fussy old gentleman: "There's a fly on your nose, ma'am." Irascible old lady: "Well, he ain't yours, is he?"

Jones: "I've come to you, Robinson, after a little advice." Robinson: "Well, here's some: Never ask for any."

She, at the piano: "Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He. "Very much. The more you refrain, the better I like it."

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.

Ethel, who is glueing on her doll's wig: "Letty, do you know why grandpa's hair has gone off his head? It wasn't stuck well."

Simeral: "That adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' is all bosh." Maddox: "Why?" Simeral: "Because married men have no leisure."

A man who had been told that he was about to die, asked the doctor for his bill, saying that he did not wish to depart from his life-long rule, "Pay as you go."

It is a little rough on the criminal. They get the weakest-minded, most ignorant men possible for the jury, and then talk of trying the poor unfortunate by a jury of his peers!

Harry: "And, dearest, do you think of me all the day long?" Dearest. "I did, Harry; but the days are getting longer now, and of course—well, you know that must make some difference."

'Oh, my precious!" cooed Younghusband, "if I should be taken away from you, would you ever marry again?" "That depends, dear," she replied, "on how young a widow you left me."

Judge: "Have you ever been punished before?" Prisoner: "Well, at all events, not in the last 18 years." "Are you sure of that?" "Certain, sure. I've just served out a 10 years' sentence."

Mamma: "Bobby, I noticed that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" Bobby: "Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one."

A woman who recently had her butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to a cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

A lady lawyer in Chicago telegraphed a patron: "Do you wish to retain me?" He telegraphed back. "Your fees are too large." But the man who copied the message got it "fleas" instead of "fees," and a libel suit is pending.

Dejected Youth: "I would like to return this engagement ring I purchased here a few days ago." Jeweller: "Didn't it suit the young lady?" D. Y.: "Yes, but another young man had already given her one just like it and I would like to exchange it for a wedding present."

Collector: "I'd like to know when you are going to pay this bill? I can't be running here every day in the week." Debtor: What day would suit you best?" Collector: "Well, I could come again on Saturday." Debtor: "All right, from now on you can call every Saturday."

Magistrate: "Murphy, you are drunk again!" Murphy: "Yesh, your-ronor." Magistrate: "Didn't you promise me solemnly, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again?" Murphy: "Yesh, your-ronor; but I wush drunk at the time. I wushn't 'sponsible for what I shaid."

"What's the trouble with you?" asked the doctor. "Insomnia," replied the patient. "Can't sleep, eh?" "Not four hours a night." "Ever tried anything?" "Tried everything; all no good." "Ever try anything to keep awake?" Patient sees hope for himself in an experiment that never was known to fail.

Servant: "Mr Kollect is at the door with a bill." Neverpay: "Tell him I'm out," Servant: "Yes, sir." Neverpay: "But, James——" Servant: "Yes, sir?" Neverpay: "Speak to him kindly, James; he deserves consideration: he calls only once a fortnight, while the others call every week." Servant: "Yes, sir."

How to Keep Warm.—It may not be generally known that when exposed to severe cold a feeling of warmth is readily created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost extent in the following manner: Throw the shoulders well back and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly, the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. After repeating the exercise while one is chilly, a feeling of warmth will be felt over the entire body, and even in the feet and hands. It is important to practise the exercise many times each day, and especially when in the open air. If the habit ever becomes universal, then consumption and many other diseases will rarely, if ever be heard of. Not only while practising the breathing exercise must the clothing be loose over the chest, but beginners will do well to remember in having their clothing fitted to allow for the permanent expansion of one, two or even three inches which will follow.

At a recent temperance meeting in Scotland, a convert got up to speak: "My friends," said he, "three months ago I signed the pledge. (Cheers.) In a month afterward, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket, a toing I never had before. (Loud cheers.) And in another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. (Cheers much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin, because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one." (No cheers.)

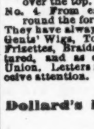
One person in each locality can earn a good sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $250 a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $268 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of securing a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 614, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Seeds 6 pkts of my choicest Flower Seeds 10c. Beautiful catalog free. F. B. Mills, Thorn Hill, N. Y.

Patents THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of the Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 25, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 4th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.
JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE, Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 100 pages, mailed for only 10c. UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

NAME on 275 Silk Fringed Floral Cards, Gems, Vases &c., 1 Lace Pic, 1 Watch Chain, 1 Ring & Agent's Outfit for 1890, all 10c. IVY CARD CO., Hamden, Conn.

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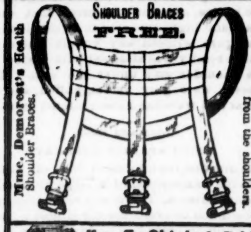

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Latest Fashion Flashes.

Mantles are particularly handsome this season. The most fashionable shapes follow simple, elegant lines, the materials are more than usually rich, and the hand-embroidered silk ornamentation worked on the material surpasses in beauty and richness everything of the kind that has preceded it.

Black velvet plush, with a straight pile like velvet, but much thicker and deeper, is a favorite material for redingotes and for smaller mantles in various shapes, ornamented with black silk embroidery in raised passementerie-like patterns, and bordered with rich chenille fringe or with ostrich feather trimming. Both dipped and curled ostrich feather trimmings, in black and colors, are much used this autumn, and are often preferred to fur, which will, however, be very much worn a little later in the season.

A remarkably handsome model is a redingote of black velvet plush, fitting the figure accurately, and richly ornamented with black silk and cord embroidery. The long wing-sleeves are of magnificent black brocade, and are mounted with pleats under short sleeves of the plush; these are pleated, and very much raised at the shoulders, being padded to keep them in place, and ornamented, like the redingote, with embroidery. The lining is of dahlia-colored surah in a lovely pale shade. Another style of redingote has the usual long panels in front, beautifully embroidered at the edge, but a short pleated basque only at the back; this has the long, loose wing sleeves of plush, and is trimmed with fur, as well as ornamented with embroidery. This stylish model is also carried out in colors and in vigogne. In this material, in red or in green, with black passementerie trimmings, it is a very useful vetement, and may be had with the short basque described, or with the ordinary pleated skirt.

Shoes are still made with very pointed toes, so sharp that they are known as needle pointed. The toes are always padded, and, if the shoes are chosen with plenty of breadth at the wide part of the foot, they are very comfortable and becoming, and make the feet look small.

A reseda surah for day wear has been deftly arranged with some guipure in Oriental coloring, worked in points, which appeared at the waist and on the front of the skirt. At the waist was a sash tunic turning upwards at half the depth, and lined with velvet of the same shade.

This was used also for cuffs and for the pointed waistband; but the great novelty in the arrangement of this bodice was a species of soauve jacket coming from the side and shoulder seams, and tying in a loose knot in the centre, where it was fastened with a brooch like the one at the throat.

For wearing with this was a small toque, having a fulled brim of velvet matching that on the skirt, the top entirely hidden by honeysuckle, blowaways, and forget-me-nots, which carried out the tints in the pointed lace-like embroidery. This dress had high, upstanding sleeves.

The sunshade was of the same tone as the dress, and had a new ivory handle striped gold and white, with a gold and white top, and the shoes were of Russian yellow kid, with a small buckle on the instep; the stockings were of the same tint also.

Another day dress was a good, useful shade of brown cashmere, draped over faille, with a panel of Indian embroidery on the skirt and waistcoat to match; this was fastened with buttons, which, on a brown foundation, seemed to reflect all the tints in the embroidery. The charming bronze shoes matched this costume exactly.

A black velvet dress had two bodices; the skirt was cut on a new principle, with elongated tabs of velvet, which left the jetted net clearly visible; but this also was quite novel, being covered with closely worked rosettes of jet in stripes.

The morning bodice had revers of white satin, with stripes of jet carried across the front. The evening one had a high Medici collar and pretty soft scarves of jetted net.

The hat for wearing with this was particularly new and stylish: a white felt with flat crown, bordered all round with a white ostrich feather ruche, a tuft of ostrich feathers standing up at the back, and rising from a bow resting on the hair. The effect of this pure white hat with the black gown was admirable.

A fine Indian shawl sent over for the purpose had been converted into an opera mantle, and treated with consummate skill. Large points of mousse-colored velvet had been introduced in the back, radiating from the collar, and the sleeves, which fell in a square form, had a double point of the same velvet also. It was bordered with a chenille fringe of the mousse color.

A crepe Chinese crepe shawl, richly embroidered, had also been converted into an opera mantle, the embroidery and the fringe showing to the best advantage. This filled up the back, and in front formed a double drapery most becoming to the figure.

Silk is mostly worn in the evening only, and handsome brocades have been specially brought out.

Sea skin jackets are likely to be much worn. They are dyed of a darker shade than they used to be, and the skin is now so carefully shaved and thinned that the skin is no longer harsh, and can be better adopted to the figure.

The jackets are somewhat longer; they always are when dress improvers are out of fashion. They have high stand-up collars and high sleeves. Nothing is more serviceable or smarter if well cut.

Princess dresses or redingotes are over straight, separate skirts, but of extremely rich material and trimming with dressy cassques for the theatre, and handsome manties with fur trimming. I saw two pattern dresses for day wear; one was in fine cloth, the color palissandre, of a reddish shade, and on the bodice wide revers forming a sort of pelerine; the other was vieux-rose cloth with narrow black stripes; an embroidered black guipure ascended in points at intervals round the skirt; the revers on the bodice were to match, and the top of the bodice was black silk, with guipure embroidery.

These costumes appear simple, and in reality the ornamentation is much more costly than it looks.

Visiting dresses are made short, in black or colored silk, with scarf sashes. One I saw was beaver-colored peau de soie, with faye stripes; a thick black lace ruche encircled the edge of the skirt, and a castor velvet scarf served as sash; the bodice was peau de soie, with velvet sleeves; puffed at the top, and close fitting at the lower part of the arm; a Figaro jacket was simulated with black passementerie and grelots.

A casaque to wear at the theatre, with different colored skirts, was made of phosphore velvet, with oloissonee embroidery round (this resembles open trellis work or small gold nail-heads); it opened over a mass of pleated silk gauze, the color called "rose ibis;" sleeves flat at the lower part of arm, and gradually widening towards the top, slashed with pink gauze.

A pretty woollen dress was gray with a stripe of feu, which is a sort of reddish dead leaf shade; these stripes were arranged in a slanting direction instead of straight, and the bodice, made on the cross also, quite plain and high, appeared to be moulded on the figure without any visible fastening, but in reality was attached with hooks on the shoulder and under the arm. The sleeves were gray velvet, puffed, and the collar and waistband embroidered in steel.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT SPANISH COOKERY.

It must be born in mind that oil enters into the composition of a large number of Spanish dishes. Travel and education have done much to overcome the almost universal common prejudice against its use, and, in Spanish cookery, to substitute lard or butter would be to destroy one of its chief characteristics.

All offensive flavor and smell can be entirely got rid of by throwing into the oil, when hot, a small piece of bread, which must remain until—not brown—but black.

For frying fish the oil is then at its proper temperature; but for many other dishes—for instance, where onion has to be fried—the oil should be allowed to cool a little, so as to fry the onions tender, but not brown. Again, where garlic is specified, the entire flavor of the dish is altered if this is left out, and in all the receipts given in this paper the smallest quantity is named.

Red Pepper (Pimienta Molida).—Such a common ingredient of Spanish dishes which, contrary to its name, is neither hot nor pungent, is the capsicum dried and ground. The green peppers, which are capsicums in a green state, are now to be had of most superipr green grocers; they have a peculiar flavor, slightly bitter, but very agreeable when once the taste is acquired. They vary in shape and size—for winter use they should be hung on a string in a warm, dry room, and they will turn red. They are useful for flavoring stews, etc., but require to be bruised in a mortar. Red pepper is best bought in small quantities, and must be kept air-tight in a warm dry cupboard, as it is apt to get musty and mouldy otherwise.

Berza (pronounced ver-air) is the general name for all vegetables, but is applied in applied in particular to the national dish—the olla—which is eaten daily in nearly every Spanish home, for which several recipes will be given, as it is varied according to the season. The berza is a dinner in itself, comprising meat, pork sausage, and vegetables, and it is for a change a most wholesome and delicious meal for people in health, though not perhaps well suited to bilious people or invalids.

It ought to be cooked at least six hours—Boiled pretty quickly without stopping (in Spain a round earthenware pot is used over a charcoal fire). If an iron pot is used, it should be enamelled, and care taken not to burn the contents.

Potage.—According to the quantity required, take haricot beans (if old ones, previously soaked), and put to them about a plat of cold water, and a tablespoonful or two of sweet salad oil—and a whole head of garlic. Boil gently until nearly tender, and then add a large teaspoonful of red pepper, sufficient salt, and a tomato broken. Add more water if required, and continue to boil until the beans are perfectly tender, but not broken. This dish ought not to be too sloppy, but still moist. Lentils cooked in exactly the same way, but with the addition of a clove or two pounded in a mortar, are very delicious. The tomato can be omitted without much injury to the flavor; the garlic ought to be removed before serving.

Rice with Tomatoes.—Fry in a half teaspoonful of oil—which may previously be purified by frying in it a small bit of bread—one or two green peppers whole. When done, take them out and remove the thin outer skin, and place them on one side. Cut up one or two green peppers and fry them, and a small onion cut up. When the onion is tender, but not brown, put in five or six tomatoes, skinned and broken. Let these fry until quite pulpy, stirring frequently, that they may not burn nor stick to the pan, then throw in a breakfast cupful of rice, stir it well in, and then add plenty of hot water and sufficient salt, and let it boil gently, until the rice is nicely done and the water all absorbed, taking care to stir frequently, that it may neither stick nor burn. Serve with the whole green peppers for a garnish.

This dish is extremely good without the peppers, when these are not to be had.

Sopa.—Fry precisely as above a moderate-sized onion and a couple of green peppers, and two or three tomatoes in a little oil. When tender, add a plat of cold water and some salt, and when boiling throw in a stale bread cut very thin, and serve at once.

Gaspacho.—This is as completely a national Spanish dish as the berza, and is partaken of daily in the hot weather, either for lunch or before going to bed. Bruise in a mortar one or two cloves of garlic with a little salt and some oil, say a tablespoonful, and a piece of stale bread-crumb previously soaked in water. Mash these till perfectly smooth, then add a little water and work again, until the mass blends with the water, then add more water gradually until the mortar is quite full. Turn it into a bowl or tureen and add the full quantity of water required, also a sliced tomato, a green pepper shred thin, or a few thin slices of cucumber. Leave this in a cool draught, covered, and break up a sufficient quantity of bread (not new). Add this to the soup five minutes before serving, and at the last add a dessert-spoonful of good vinegar, or more if required.

Fish with Saffron.—Pound in a mortar a clove, a little cinnamon, and a pinch of saffron, with a piece of soaked crumb of bread. Fry in oil a green pepper cut up, a clove or two of garlic bruised, and some finely-chopped parsley; add the spice and bread, and enough water and salt; let all boil until the bread has thickened the water, and then put in the pieces of fish—of the same kind as in the preceding recipe.

Fish en Blanco.—Put into a stewpan some water (enough to cover the fish), half a small cup of salad oil, two cloves of garlic; or if preferred an onion sliced—and some chopped parsley. When boiling throw in the fish, draw to the side of fire, and simmer till done. Serve with the liquor; and at table squeeze lemon over it. Do not omit salt. Whiting are particularly delicious done in this way; as also soles and other similar fish.

A PORK butcher, be it respectfully observed, in so far in advance of the age, inasmuch as he both kills and cures. Now, it is rare indeed that a doctor can achieve more than one of these delicate operations successfully at a time; at all events, there is no living proof of the two having been performed completely to the patient's satisfaction.

Confidential Correspondents.

A. B. C.—Provost is in Scotland the title of a mayor. The Provost of a Scotch city is called Lord Provost.

KING.—It is no sin for a man to call himself a professor. Any man may do so who chooses; other people may believe him or not as they like.

MARY.—You had better take your violin to a maker of such instruments, and consult him about the worms in the wood, as you might injure the tone if you employed the ordinary methods for destroying them.

MARTHA.—The Bloomer costume, consisting of a skirt falling a little below the knee and a pair of Turkish trousers, received its name from Mrs. Bloomer, an American lady, who was the first to wear it, in 1849.

FLORENCE.—There is no rule; say whatever seems best adapted to the circumstances. 2. A young man who can act in such a manner is hardly worth thinking about. Send him back his presents, and forget all about him.

HOPE.—It is a rule, with but few exceptions, that the final "e" in any word should be dropped when the word takes the form of an adverb, and supplemented with the letters "ly." Thus you would not subscribe yourself, "yours truely."

AMY.—1. Warm, or rather luke-warm water, is generally used by those desiring to prevent wrinkles appearing on the face. 2. The word "Eyre" in the novel "Jane Eyre" is pronounced "air." 3. Your handwriting is very neat and readable.

M. R. S.—Silver coins can be cleaned with almost any of the prepared silver powders sold by shop-keepers. Copper, bronze, and nickel coins can be cleaned with a weak solution of vinegar. Put the coins for ten minutes in the solution, let them dry, and rub them with a piece of dry chamois skin.

S. R.—As we use the phrase "red letter day" it means a day worthy of remembrance, a day on which we have distinguished ourselves, a day to be recalled with delight. The origin of the saying is founded on the fact that in almanacs saints' days and holidays are printed in red to mark them distinctly from the other days, which are in black.

FANCIER.—The mocking-bird, a native of South America, may be had, when young, for five dollars each, and the older for twelve and upwards, to twenty-five dollars. Sometimes, however, they are sold for fabulous prices. The speed of a swallow's flight has been tested in Italy, two being selected for the purpose, and they showed a speed of eighty-seven and a half miles an hour.

AVERY.—Cocaine is an alkaloid extracted from the coca leaves. It has the power of paralyzing the ends of sensory nerves, especially mucous membranes (as the inside of the mouth). All sensation is thus destroyed. It does not act so well in inflamed mucous membranes or on the skin. What the dentist used was a hypodermic syringe, by which the cocaine was introduced between the gum and the teeth.

QUERIST.—"Arbor Day" is a day in MAY, appointed by the different States as a holiday to be employed in the planting of trees. This sensible holiday was begun seventeen years ago in the State of Nebraska, and the example has been followed by thirty-four States. Each village community and school joins in the planting of trees along the roads, round buildings and school houses, so that the country may again be covered with trees which the folly and ignorance of the earlier settlers had nearly exterminated.

MRS. L. A. J.—This correspondent would like some lines published in THE POST, about the '60 s or '70's on the death of Major Andre. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to inform her and us of the exact or at least a date close to their appearance. The following are the only lines she can remember:

The lilac shall bud, sweet hawthorn shall blossom
Old Severn shall roll his glad tides to the shore,
But Andre will lay with a clod on his bosom,
And dream of battle fields no more.

INQUIRER.—An etching is a species of engraving produced from a copper plate on which the artist has sketched or drawn his design. The process of etching is essentially different from line engraving, where the picture is generally cut into the copper plate by the tool of the engraver. In etching, the plate, which may be either copper or zinc, is first covered with a coating of wax and some other ingredients, and the picture is drawn by the artist on this coating with an etching needle. Each line drawn with the needle uncovers the waxy coating. When the drawing is finished, the plate is immersed in aquafortis, and this acid eats into the lines of the plate where it is not protected by the coating of wax. Before the engraving of the plate is accomplished, many parts have to be put in the acid several times to attain the desired effect.

AJAX.—We adhere to the opinion that thirty years of age is quite soon enough for a man to marry. Those who urge difficulties based on the supposed necessity of settlement at an earlier period forget that the objections they raise are founded on habits which are entirely subservient to the will. It is not only perfectly possible, but expedient, for every man to devote the first years of adolescence to the training of his nature and character. Early marriages are the curse of society. They are producing consequences which eat into the root of society and destroy the sanctity of the married state. A multitude of families are ruined every year by the consequences of this evil. The Divorce Court is simply as some little weather-cock showing which way the wind blows. Not a thousandth part of the mass of miserable endings to early marriages see the light. Lives are embittered, and men and women drag out a weary existence, because, having bound themselves together on the impulse of the moment or of the epoch of life, they cannot, may not forsooth, be separated without a public exposure, demoralizing in its nature and ruinous in its effects. Let the young wait with what patience they may; let them understand that it is the duty of man to live honorable and pure lives, practising that self-control which the future will assuredly require of them at the price of personal happiness, and let them avoid early marriages as they would a snare. Make a home first; then, when the way in life is chosen, the path laid out, and the future fairly well assured, it will be time enough to think of settling. And these conditions will scarcely be satisfied until the age of thirty.